

NEW LIFE FOR OUR CANALS

APR 29 1947

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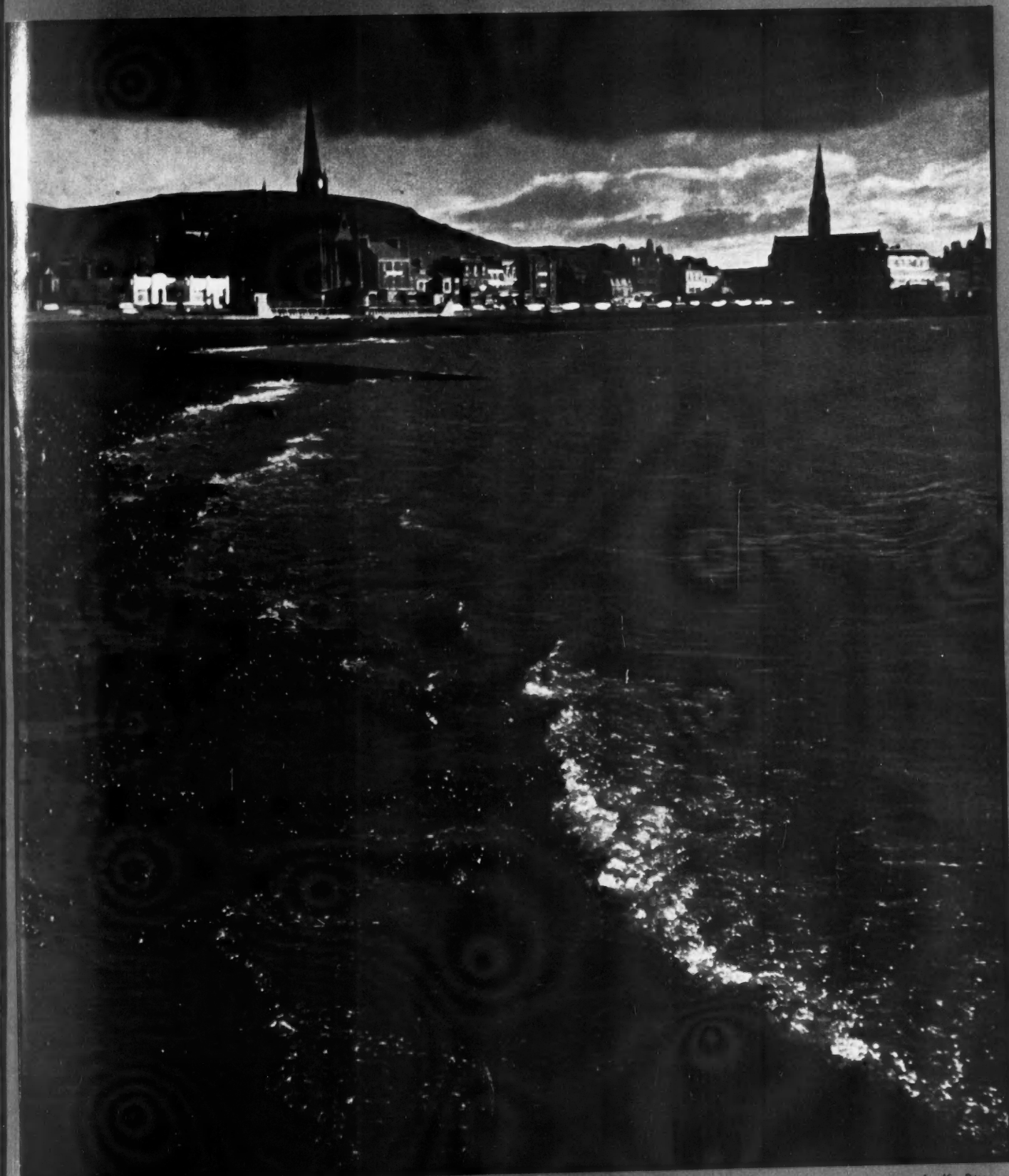
COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CI No. 2621

APRIL 11, 1947



Harlip

MISS SHEILA THOMAS

Miss Sheila Thomas, who is the daughter of Sir Miles Thomas, Vice-Chairman of the Nuffield Organisation, and Lady Thomas, is studying for a medical degree at Oxford, and will shortly be one of the first women medical students to be accepted by Bart's.

COUNTRY LIFE

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2-10 TAVISTOCK STREET
COVENT GARDEN
W.C.2.

Telegrams, Country Life, London
Telephone, Temple Bar 7351

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PUBLISHING OFFICES,
TOWER HOUSE
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FARM INSTITUTES

WHEN agreement was reached three years ago between the Ministries of Agriculture and Education as to their respective functions in the training of farmers and market gardeners, it was obvious that a good deal of planning would be needed as soon as the war was over; planning to prevent overlapping between the work of the two Ministries, to make the best possible use of existing (or potential) teaching personnel and not only to get the agricultural education for which the local authorities would be responsible and the new Advisory Service of the Ministry of Agriculture both placed on a sound long-term basis, but to improvise for an interim period working schemes of educational expansion which could be developed or fitted later into the long-term plan. The Ministry of Agriculture's Advisory Service, intended to work hand-in-glove with the County Agricultural Committees, already exists on paper, and as suitable staff can be recruited will expand to its intended size. The Loveday Committee, who are responsible to both Ministries, have already reported on the steps which ought to be taken to provide in secondary schools courses preparatory to agricultural employment, and last week they presented, as a matter of urgency, an interim Report on the needs of higher agricultural education and training hitherto provided in the Farm Institutes of the County Councils.

The Loveday Committee would prefer to call them agricultural and horticultural institutes, and would fix the age of entry at eighteen, so far as their relatively long continuous courses of instruction and training for intending farmers and growers and administrative personnel are concerned. They wish to see one or more in almost every county. At present only eighteen exist, with seven more used or earmarked for ex-Service training, which will become available later. The interim programme they recommend is the establishment of sixteen or seventeen new institutes in the next few years, and their Report makes concrete suggestions as to how the new Institutes should be placed in the "Agricultural Provinces" into which this country is now divided for purpose of administration. Such an expansion would allow one out of ten persons going into agriculture or horticulture to obtain such "higher" instruction, and that, from a long-term point of view, the Loveday Committee regard as too small. But even on the suggested "interim" plan of expansion it will be obvious that the "interim" is likely to last five or six years—not only because of organising and building delays but chiefly because the number of trained agricultural and horticultural workers who are also theoretically qualified to teach is severely limited.

What, in the circumstances, can and should be done? There is obviously to be a keen

competition between all forms of agricultural instruction for competent staffs for a long time to come, and the worst effects of this may perhaps be avoided by co-operation and use of part-time services, as during the war, between the local authorities responsible for the Institutes and the County Agricultural Committees. The employment of senior students as instructors in the Institutes will no doubt be explored to the full, and the expansion of extra-mural part-time courses—particularly those for pupils between school-leaving age and age of entry to an Institute—will provide another method for making economical use of the educational competence of many who have the knowledge and skill but whose business is not regular teaching. A plan which might greatly benefit the Institutes themselves is that inducement should be offered to trained instructors and

TO THE SPIRIT OF LOVE

*MOVE in my boughs, O wind,
And I, thy tree, will shake;
Gild me, O April beam,
And I, thy bud, will break;
Smooth me, O stream, and I will ever be
Stone for the sculptor's sake.*

*Breathe notes as Heaven breathes stars,
Musician, from this lute;
Or as great snows sigh down
Girdle this winter mute;
Be thou the gardener and I will be
Thy flowers and thy fruit.*

*Come, ancient brightness, come!
I will be all thy need,
Thy plaything and thy voice,
Thy stillness and thy seed.
Drain this stored wine into thy matchless cup,
And pour a richer meed!*

MARJORIE STANNARD.

knowledgeable agriculturists from the Dominions to spend a year or six months over here in teaching. There are a good many reasons why they might be glad to come even in these days, and, as many of their British pupils may, in any case, seek a career overseas, their services would be doubly valuable.

THE "THIRTY-NINE" VALUE

DURING the debate on the new War Damage Order Mr. Dalton admitted that the principle of "escalation," as Ministers like to call it, had been generally accepted, and that the advice given by the War Damage Commission with regard to the inadequacy of compensation on a 1939 basis had been agreed to. The Commission have recommended that value payments in cases of war damage should be increased by 45 per cent., and, in cases where it is replanning that prevents restoration of a property, by 60 per cent. In the light of their report the compensation arrangements of the Town and Country Planning Bill are also to be reviewed—though it seems unfortunate that the Standing Committee which is handling the Bill should have been compelled to accept without discussion clauses continuing the 1939 standard—because, apparently, Mr. Silkin had not found time to prepare the necessary amendments. In saner times the Minister might be expected to produce a new and coherent compensation policy which would be generally acknowledged as equitable. But in the Government's time-table there is apparently no provision for major overhauls.

A VILLA MEDICI FOR GARDENERS?

AS the great houses not only of England but of Europe cease to be what they were, there is a real danger that the higher refinements of the art of gardening will pass out of practical knowledge. Already the Parks departments of many municipalities are faced by a shortage of first-class head gardeners, and the same remark applies abroad. Yet the calling could be made attractive to young men if it held out reasonably rewarding prospects and if there were an established channel for organising the "higher education" required. A scheme favoured in France, actively supported by Belgium, and under discussion here,

has been put forward by M. François Carvallo, who has offered to give part of the famous Château de Villandry on the Loire, with its unique gardens, as an international college for higher education in garden art, somewhat on the lines followed by the Villa Medici in the visual arts. Courses of a year would be devoted to the aesthetics and practice of the more decorative branches of gardening, to be financed, it is suggested, by scholarships. The obvious difficulty is the financing. But, with the importance given by planning schemes to public gardens, and the number of great private gardens being taken over by the National Trust, it is clear that sooner or later the problem of training the men to manage them must be faced.

STOURHEAD FOR THE NATION

HARD on the announcement of the gift to the nation of Knole, the Kentish home of the Sackville family, comes the news that Stourhead, the late Sir Henry Hoare's estate on the edge of Salisbury Plain in Wiltshire, has been bequeathed by him to the National Trust. Stourhead House, one of the earliest examples of Palladian classicism, was finished from designs by Colin Campbell for the elder Henry Hoare, the banker, in 1722, but was destroyed by fire, except for the wings, in 1902. Happily the furniture, much of which is by the younger Thomas Chippendale, was saved, and, by a careful reconstruction of the interior immediately after the fire, the character of the house was restored. Stourhead's most remarkable feature, however, is its landscape garden, the most beautiful and least changed of the great gardens of the 18th century. It was begun about 1741 by Henry Hoare the younger, and represents, with its classical temples and its grottos set on the shores of a lake bordered by waving woods, a remarkably successful attempt to recreate the idyllic scenery of Claude on English soil. Describing the garden, Henry Hoare the younger's grandson, Sir Richard Colt Hoare, the historian of Wiltshire, wrote: "We ought to consider ourselves as existing not solely for ourselves; to bear in mind the *non sibi sed posteris*." The gift of so much grace and beauty to the nation makes his words more significant than ever.

MR. ROBERTSON SCOTT

AT the age of 81, Mr. J. W. Robertson Scott has relinquished the editorship of *The Countryman*, which he founded twenty years ago this spring. Twenty years is not perhaps long as the lives of periodicals go, but it has been long enough in this instance to render signal service to many good causes, and to impress on the minds of countless country lovers a personality rich in knowledge, wisdom and good humour. We congratulate Mr. Robertson Scott on the creation of a unique journal, and wish him every happiness in his retirement.

EX AFRICA . . .

THE tour of the King and Queen through South Africa has evoked so spontaneous and loyal a response, the King's speeches have been so moving and so admirable that the success of Their Majesties' visit needs no emphasising. It is pleasant to notice that another Queen, the Queen Mother Indhiour Kozi (which signifies Great She-Elephant) has, at any rate in her own belief, contributed to that success. She declared that when 5,000 warriors in Swaziland danced ceremonially before the Royal visitors, she had arranged for a slight drizzle to lay the dust; but she added reassuringly, "Don't be alarmed, it will be fine later." Those who loved in youth and still love their *King Solomon's Mines* will be reminded of a converse miracle. The "White men from the stars," being asked for a sign, declared, after a previous peep at the almanack, that they would darken the sun for a season. In another edition of this immortal work it was, if memory serves, the moon that played this important role, but the principle is the same. This was duly given and the ultimate defeat of Tswana, the usurping king, accomplished. The Great She-Elephant's miracle was superlatively on a less imposing scale, but most of us would find a drizzle on the spur of the moment as much beyond our powers as an eclipse.



Humphrey and Vera Joel

EARLY SPRING ON THE RIVER MIMRAM, HERTFORDSHIRE

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

IN some recent Notes, which were published by the courtesy of the *Sunday Times* during the recent suspension of COUNTRY LIFE, I commented on the Wild Fowl Protection Bill of 1939. This has caused considerable correspondence, since apparently quite a number of shooting men were unaware that the duck season ended on January 31, and not on February 1, as they had previously imagined, and apparently in some parts of the country the local police are in doubt about it. Incidentally, in the Bill an exception is made for "parts contiguous to the low-water of ordinary tides," and "contiguous" has the vague meaning of "touching, adjoining, near," which might be read to apply to almost any water. Everything would seem to suggest that the date of the end of the wild-fowl shooting season should be a matter for the local County Council to decide, since conditions vary to such an extent in different parts of the British Isles.

THE great flights of immigrant duck I mentioned remained in the Avon Valley until well after the end of February this year, none of them showing the slightest sign of pairing off, and at the time of writing the rear-guard of the migratory host is still with us. A farmer whose meadows are contiguous to the river, if not to the low-water mark, complains bitterly that every night during the intermittent thaws a pack of white-fronted geese, estimated at from two to three hundred birds, have grazed on his fields from dusk to dawn, consuming grass required for his dairy herd, and, since three geese are said to eat as much grass as one sheep, the damage done is very considerable. Yet, owing to the law of the land he was prevented

from taking the necessary steps to protect his grazing, although there were many volunteers who offered to help him.

A considerable amount of interest among ornithologists has been caused by the presence among the duck of a black-and-white bird which could not be identified. It seemed to be half-way between a duck and a goose, and two very well-known experts on wild-fowl made a special journey from London to see it. It has now been decided that it must be a hybrid from some ornamental pond, and a red-breasted goose is suspected of paternity. It is most inconsiderate of wild-fowl to produce these hybrids and cause all this excitement and worry. I recall that some twenty-five years ago someone shot an unknown duck near Cairo and there was what one might call a Middle Eastern question until it was identified as a cross between a pintail and a teal.

WHILE waiting for the nurseryman to load up the back of the car with some apple-trees I had ordered recently, I sat and watched some bricklayers at work on an urgently required cottage on the opposite side of the road. After a few minutes my eyelids began to droop in sympathy, I yawned sleepily three or four times and was about to drop off into a comfortable doze, when suddenly I remembered Haj Ali, the Egyptian mason of other days, and envisaged him and his gang of bricklayers and mortar-carriers erecting the walls of a house.

This woke me up again; in fact, I felt so refreshed and invigorated that I almost looked forward to the heavy task of planting out the apple-trees.

I NEVER counted the number of bricks that Haj Ali and his henchmen laid in an hour or a day, but I do know that the work progressed at an amazing rate. This was due entirely to the song they sang as the workmen threw up the bricks and mortar to the bricklayers on the wall who laid them. Haj Ali with his mason's trowel in his hand would stand on the scaffolding, which had to be raised every two hours as the work progressed, and he was the extemporising soloist, while the remainder of the workmen came in on the chorus. The song was rather like a sea shanty, since it consisted of one line followed by the lilting refrain *Hat moona, hat moyya, hat moona, hat toob* (fetch mortar, fetch water, fetch mortar, fetch bricks). If I appeared on the scene the lines Haj Ali was singing as he laid bricks furiously were usually personal and very flattering. It is extraordinary the nice things one hears about oneself in the East—if reasonable warning of one's approach is given. On the other hand, if I were not visible, the theme of the song was sometimes of what is known as the Stock Exchange variety.

THE point about the song, which went on all day and which started quite slowly, was that the rhythm of the tune tended to accelerate and, when the time became faster, the workers carrying bricks and mortar had perforce to follow suit. In fact, I often saw the gang working at the double, not for increased pay or because they were being watched, but solely because the tempo of the shanty had quickened

as tempi do tend to quicken when men chant a chorus in unison. It is inevitable; no matter what staunch Trade Unionists might feel about the fall from grace, despite the protests of shop stewards about sweated labour and against all the glorious traditions of that laudable slogan, "Go Slow," the work would go on.

Last year Mr. Jack Jones went to the Middle East to instruct Orientals in the organisation of labour and Trade Unionism. I feel that, if we bestow such benefits as these on the Middle-easterners, they should do something of the same nature for us in return, and that they might send us a *maestro* to teach our labour to work to a theme song. Dr. Dalton stated in public the other day that he had a song in his heart, and this might be just the thing for our workers if the tune has a definite rhythm to it. The words are sure to be all right.

IN an interesting little booklet on Hatfield Forest, on the Essex side of Bishop's Stortford, published recently, there are some extracts from the household accounts of the Barrington family, members of which until Elizabeth's time always filled the post of woodward for this Royal hunting preserve. The various items are interesting because they go to prove that money did not go such a very long way three hundred years ago as we are led to believe, and that, except for the salary of a coppice keeper, which was £1 a month, many of the small expenditures were more or less in accordance with those that pertain to-day—or, to be more exact, in 1939, since no one has the vaguest idea what money is worth to-day, or what one should pay for anything.

The first of these items is a tip to "a man that brought a hawk—1s.," and I suppose one might say that it all depends on the variety of hawk whether he was adequately rewarded

or not. The next is the emolument paid "to the huntsman who killed three otters—10s." and, since the fishing in Hatfield Forest is tench only, the payment sounds most generous for the year 1645. "To Staines for makynge a settinge dog—£2 2s." is of course well below the sum that one would have to pay to a recognised dog-trainer to-day, but it is in the neighbourhood of the tip one might give to a keeper for doing his best with a "wild 'un." Threepence for "a drinke for the hounds, they being bitten with a mad dogge" may sound cheap, but as no "drinke" would have any effect whatsoever on cases of hydrophobia it was probably dear at the price. On "2 bewgle horns for the children—5s." I offer no opinion, since, being concerned with my own peace and quietness, and that of my friends and relations, I have never bought a toy bugle for the young of to-day, and so do not know the price of these noisy instruments. In conclusion, I do not like the sound of "for a spaniell to perch pheasants—10s." as it makes one wonder what the 17th-century Barringtons did after setting forth with the "spaniell" towards the coverts on those quiet autumn evenings when the pheasants are at their fattest.

THE booklet, which is published by The National Trust, 42, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1, costs 1s., and the proceeds of the sales go towards the fund that provides for the maintenance of this interesting old Royal forest, which, after many years of private ownership, has been presented to the nation for the benefit of the public by a member of the Buxton family. The forest, which was a Royal preserve before the Norman Conquest, comprises nearly 1,000 acres of woodland and open chases with a lake in the centre. The wild life there is now protected, but the sport must have been quite excellent in the past, since there is a record in

1333 of a most distinguished poaching party being hailed up before the local magistrates for infringement of the game laws on private property. The culprits were the Earl of Chester, the Dean of St. Paul's, the rector of Theydon Bois and a chaplain who was staying with him for the week-end. What a shocking example for the Church to set the ordinary laity!

EFFORTS are being made all over England to revive those popular features of summer in the countryside, the agricultural and animal shows, which have been in abeyance in some parts for seven long empty years. One of the many difficulties with which local committees have to contend is the organisation of those lotteries by which in other days the holder of the winning ticket received a 10 lb. cheese, a home-cured ham, or a giant plum cake. A most popular reward to-day, so far as the female side of the gathering is concerned, would be an unused clothing coupon book, but I am not at all certain if this would be in accordance with the existing law. One does not want the local Enforcement Officer to play a prominent part in the afternoon's amusement, unless he is willing to figure as the target in the Three Shots for Sixpence at the Snooper side-show. If this could possibly be arranged it would prove to be the most popular feature of the whole show, and would bring in a mint of money.

Another little difficulty is the finding of suitable prizes for the various classes, and in this connection I have heard of one country committee in the north of England who have unearthed from an old store cupboard a priceless relic which should instigate a record entry. This is a large silver cup inscribed: "Presented by — for the finest sow in the show in memory of my dear wife."

NEW LIFE FOR OUR CANALS

By

ROBERT FORDYCE AICKMAN

Illustrations by

ANGELA ROLT



WHERE can the lover of the English country tradition be honest with himself and yet find hope? Our country houses, which with their parks have contributed more than any other work of man and more than most works of Nature to the beauty of England, are given to mortality, misuse, or mummification; their lovely and complex life, the gay brilliance of which is portrayed at its best in that insufficiently known masterpiece, *The New Republic*, by W. H. Mallock, to contempt and oblivion. Our fields move towards hedgeless prairie; our lanes towards unflowering concrete; our villages towards State-aided dwellings; our trades towards servitude to a single all-purpose machine. The man or woman who is saddened by such things hopes there is another aspect of our times and occasionally, in part, perceives it, but is still left partly wondering what before long there will be left to love.

"Most people know no more of the canals than they do of the old green roads which the pack-horse trains once travelled." So begins Mr. L. T. C. Rolt's striking and informative work, *Narrow Boat*, at once literature and handbook, and a comprehensive symposium of its subject—a book which has done much to arouse among landmen an interest in canal life, which, once born, seldom dies. The canals still offer all that is best in English country life: mile upon mile of quiet water giving a wonderful field to the naturalist and adorned with bridges, lock cottages and other works built in that first industrial architecture of the 18th and early 19th centuries which combines function and grace in an equilibrium ever since sought in vain. They reach still through most of this small

(Left) A BOAT ON THE OXFORD CANAL

kingdom and are navigated by a people of singular charm and simplicity, who live on their boats among painted trappings of a power, gaiety and vitality to be found nowhere else in the land. The boatman's stool, can and dipper, his painted polished home, in their primary gypsy colours, sing to the heart emancipation from the uniform, the mechanical and the drab, for no two pieces are alike, and none is either self-conscious or sober. Even through the heart of Birmingham and other industrial towns, the canal mysteriously draws its private atmosphere and remoteness; the traveller remains "on the cut" and not "in Birmingham." This spirit of independence, alluded to in *The Water Gypsies*, is perhaps the most remarkable feature of canal life. Everywhere they go the canals can still give beauty, peace and pleasure.

Such new factors as the coal shortage, high labour costs of transport and the ever-waiting, ever-growing disease of road congestion and turmoil should only still further strengthen the strong recommendations of the Royal Commission of 1906 that our canal system be restored to efficiency, extended and vigorously promoted. And there is another vast factor tending in the same direction and equally unknown in 1906: that of holidays with pay. Are we to force those who dislike crowded trains and squalid by-passes, and who, on arrival at their destination, find all the boarding-houses full, either abroad or into holiday camps, when within a mile or two of their homes there flows a river or canal, able to give access to other rivers and canals throughout the country, able to give true recreation, privacy and peace?

Our inland water-ways, in fact, should have before them not only a new life, but an incomparably more abundant one than at any time since Telford, Brindley, Rennie and Jessop proved themselves among the world's greatest engineers by building them. The country-lover has most compelling reasons for wishing this consummation. None the less, if he has looked recently at a canal, or, still more, has tried to embark himself upon one, he will suspect the truth: almost our whole inland water-way system—indeed, all of it as a system, which implies access from one water-way to another without recourse to the sea—is in the gravest and the most immediate jeopardy. To draw attention to this state of affairs, and, what is much more difficult, to spread knowledge how it came about and how wholly unnecessary it is, a number of persons, being Englishmen and so addicted to acting in free association for the general good, have founded, in order to rouse opinion and to meet the threat, The Inland Waterways Association, of which I have the honour to be the Chairman.

When the railways were built, conflict with the canals was inevitable. As the price of withdrawing their opposition to railway promotions, the canal companies would commonly force a railway company to buy out their canals, and at an extortionate price. Parliament, which, as subsequent history shows, should rather have forbidden than facilitated these acquisitions, none the less laid upon the railway companies an obligation, which exists to this day, fully to maintain all canals thus acquired; but the circumstances of the acquisition, and the fact

that the canal merely competed for traffic with the railway, led the new owners to follow a more or less systematic policy of neglect, high tolls and the raising of obstacles to trade (such as closing water-ways to traffic on Sundays, or prohibiting power-driven boats). The obvious

result is that trade on the canal falls away and ceases, spreading ruin among the small boatmen, whereupon a private Bill for abandonment is promoted, and usually is passed by an overworked legislature which, like the public, is ignorant of the facts.

About 35 per cent. of canal mileage to-day (apart from hundreds of miles of abandonment, much of it detrimental to the national well-being as a whole) is owned by the railways, some of it being in lengths so placed in relation to independently owned water-ways as effectively to prevent through working by the latter over distances necessary for prosperity and also to prevent the coming into being of a standard national scale of tolls. There is no Canal Clearing House for the adjustment of charges between owners of different sections of a through-route, and the railway companies tend either to keep tolls uncompetitively high, or where a canal is independently owned, to cut rates on the competing rail route to an uneconomic level (making up, of course, from the profits of passenger carrying and from receipts elsewhere on a large system) until the canal is forced to cease trading, whereupon the railways can make a rapid upward adjustment.

The canals are managed to-day much as they were a century ago; and it says much for the inherent value of water transport that they have survived at all. But the obstacles have been so great for so long that even the independent owners have become despondent, and little energetic effort is now made to publicise and sell the facilities that water transport has to offer. Again, the railways, as owners of so much canal mileage, must have a considerable voice in the industry as a whole, so that it is not surprising that so little is ever heard of it.

A small trader encountered by chance



A MOTOR-DRIVEN NARROW BOAT AT TARDEBIGGE ON THE WORCESTER AND BIRMINGHAM CANAL



EACH CANAL HAS ITS OWN CHARACTERISTIC TYPE OF BRIDGE. This bridge, which is opened by passing boatmen, is typical of the Oxford Canal



DAY'S LOCK ON THE THAMES, WELL MAINTAINED. (Right) AN EXAMPLE OF NEGLECT: water pours through lock gates on the Droitwich Barge Canal

in the Midlands was at a loss to know how economically to carry the heavy accumulators he dealt in. He had never even considered the canal that flowed a hundred yards down the road.

Again and again we have received evidence which has surprised us as to the use that would be made of an efficiently managed canal system. A motor-lorry may last ten years. A canal boat costs a tenth of the price, carries twice as much and lasts forty. It also houses a family all the time, is not liable to taxes, and is subject to negligible wear and tear.

For the handling of goods calling for even delivery down a pipe-line (as against rapid delivery of special loads) a canal is the ideal transporter: for coal, bricks, beer, flour, also for soft fruit, which is harmed by jolt-



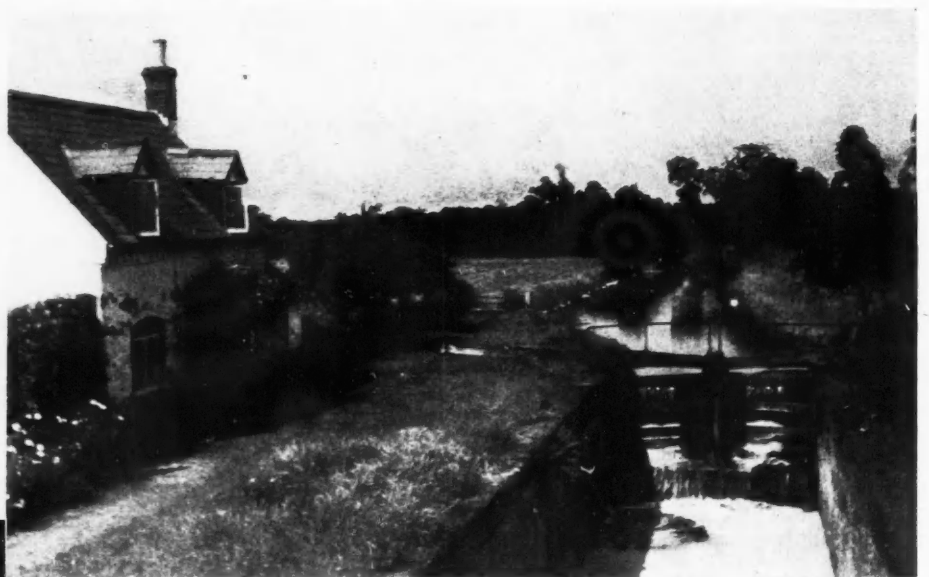
STRICTLY TRADITIONAL, YET SUBTLY DIFFERENT, ARE THE PAINTINGS ON THE BOATMAN'S POLISHED HOME

ing. Moreover, the canal should bring general cargo cheaply to every village wharf, as it was constructed to do and as does the well-run Grand Canal of Eire: there each community on the banks has an energetic agent of the company, with whom the villager leaves a parcel for dispatch in the next boat.

The first aim of The Inland Waterways Association is, of course, to resist abandonments. There is evidence that a quite small amount of opposition may suffice, a circumstance well known in the case of any private Bill to all with Parliamentary experience. For example, the opposition of the Municipality of Kendal is believed to have removed the Lancaster

mittee to watch these proposed abandonments and to organise opposition. It aims to rouse the public from the ignorance and inertia that have resulted from the occlusion under which the canals have lain for the past century. Things have gone so badly for so long that the public have forgotten how the trouble started and, entirely wrongly, regard the plight of the canals as hopeless.

Next, the Association aims at securing the restoration to good order and full navigability of every surviving canal and navigable river in the country, and the encouragement of every kind of traffic upon their waters. Trade possibilities are immense; recreational possibilities are no less great. Canal boating should be the greatest local pastime of such a city as Birmingham, where the sea is distant and there is no navigable river, but where canals are abundant. Of the two most beautiful of them, the Stratford Canal, owned by the G.W.R. is now unnavigable and the Worcester and Birmingham carries only a small traffic. The prosperity of the Norfolk Broads shows the extent of the latent demand. Such a canal as the Kennet and Avon, the only surviving inland water-way connecting the Thames with the Bristol Channel and passing through lovely countryside, would, as well as bearing the substantial trade such a route would obviously attract if encouraged to do so, seem



Canal from the scope of a Bill promoted by the L.M.S. Railway in 1943 under which hundreds of miles of useful and attractive water-way were lost to the nation unknown to almost everybody. Pleasure traffic is still prohibited on the beautiful Lancaster Canal, accessible though it is to vast and suffocating industrial conglomerations. And among the canals abandoned under the Bill was the Welsh section of the Shropshire Union, probably the loveliest in England and Wales. On one branch of this water-way a bank collapsed through bad maintenance, and two boats, owned and worked by a small trader, were left high and dry on the far side of the breach and are still there. Moreover, since there was no water in part of the canal, there ceased to be any traffic upon it! The other branch was that which contributes so much to the beauty of the incomparable Vale of Llangollen, and for this there is a heavy (and potentially unlimited) demand by pleasure-boaters. The company are compelled to maintain it as a water conduit; none the less it is actually proposed to run the water through pipes. Thus the navigation would be rendered useless and a thing of beauty would be transformed into an eyesore. This proposal is now under discussion and is likely to be adopted.

The Inland Waterways Association aims at forming a Parliamentary Com-

with pleasure-boats were the chance given. Instead, it is ill-maintained and forgotten, and in imminent danger of abandonment.

It should be emphasised that, just as the diminution of canal trade is in great part the result not of scientific or economic "progress," but merely of the policy pursued by interested parties (for understandable reasons), so, in the case of canals not abandoned by Act of Parliament, it is largely a matter of seeing that the existing law is carried out—and in the result as well as in the expenditure, for companies aiming at abandonment have been known to display a large bill of maintenance charges with almost nothing to show for it on the spot, notably in respect of that most essential item, dredging.

Extreme urgency arises from the impending nationalisation of many water-ways (though not of the less remunerative ones!). A non-political body, The Inland Waterways Association is the only national organisation constituted to press upon the Government a policy of restoration and efficient management of the water-ways, rather than one of abandonment. It also exists to bring together all interested in any of the numerous and varied aspects of canal life: traders, pleasure-boaters, agriculturists, artists, philosophers and historians. We would welcome new members. Our address is 11, Gower Street, London, W.C.1. Our annual subscription is one guinea. Sir Alan Herbert, M.P., is our President; Mr. Peter Scott, Lord Portsmouth and Mr. Algernon Newton, R.A., are our first Vice-Presidents; and Mr. L. T. C. Rolt is our Honorary Secretary.

HAPPY BOSHAM

Written and Illustrated by NORMAN WYMER

WHEN a town or a village within reasonable distance of London that is steeped in both history and charm is discovered by the masses, more often than not it is sooner or later spoilt. Bosham, that fascinating little creek in Chichester Harbour, delight of yachtsmen, is a pleasing exception; Happy Bosham, we in Sussex call it.

Though in spring and summer visitors come here in their hundreds, Bosham's old-world charm, its legends and country-lore remain unaltered. The little green leading down to the water-front, the harbour, the old mill-house and manor, the moat with the delightful little 18th-century house looking proudly down upon it (that moat where, tradition has it, King Canute's infant daughter was drowned), the church, wherein she was buried, the quaint little streets (some of them little more than alley-ways) have hardly changed through the centuries. And what a fund of history lies buried in the soil of Bosham! What a feast of coming and going has this little village seen! It is, indeed, one of the most enchanting I know.

It was here, according to tradition, that King Canute commanded the waves to recede. Get talking to a native about this well-worn story, however, and he will give you a more acceptable explanation of that strange happening. Once rich corn and pasture land, the fields of Bosham, it seems, were menaced by the sea when Canute, who lived in a palace where now stands the early 17th-century gabled and moated manor house, and who was keenly aware of the dangers, conceived the idea of building earthworks upon the foreshore with which to keep the sea at bay. Since such earthworks became known as "chairs," it is not difficult to understand how the traditional story has developed.

At any rate, but for Canute, Bosham, like many another Sussex village along this stretch, might long have been under the sea. The inhabitants still talk of him as if he had been alive but yesterday and as their saviour and hero. Not that he was the only ruler to tread the soil of the village. Here, it is believed, came the Emperor Vespasian in the 1st century, to build a Roman villa; here, as the Bayeux Tapestry shows, came the luckless King Harold, mounted on horseback, his hounds before him and his hawk upon his wrist, to set sail for France for his fateful meeting with the Duke of Normandy.

A highly-prized manor in its time, and once a great ecclesiastical centre, Bosham can claim links with many famous people—the Venerable Bede, William the Conqueror, Earl Godwin and William of Wykeham, founder of Winchester College, to name but a few.

Occupying a strategic position with extensive views to sea, say the Bosham folk, the little village has been used as a look-out post at least since the time of the Saxons. Indeed, its import-



AT BOSHAM, IN CHICHESTER HARBOUR, THE LITTLE GREEN LEADS DOWN TO THE WATER

ance in this respect at the time of Armada was so considerable that Queen Elizabeth, who was admittedly rather prone to this sort of thing, saw fit to grant a special charter whereby the lord of the manor holds the right to his own coroner and chamberlain. In the past he was also granted his own admiral, a man whose duty it was to see that this stretch was kept free from the menace of raiding parties, who so frequently plundered the coasts whenever the villagers' backs were turned, perhaps to go to market.

Nor was this monarch the only one to grant a charter; at Bosham to-day they will still tell you proudly how their ancestors saved the citizens of Chichester from starvation and death at the time of the Plague, and how certain rights were granted to them in recognition of their work for humanity.

When some lone traveller brought the dreaded disease to the cathedral city, the gates of the ancient Roman town were closed at once, barring all entrance and exit. Days passed. From end to end men, women and children became stricken in ever-increasing numbers with the fearful purple spots. Torchlight burials in the common pit in the churchyard of St. Pancras became a nightly occurrence. Weeks passed. Food stocks were running low—so low that those not actually afflicted were, nevertheless, in danger of dying of starvation. At last it was decided to set up notices upon the city gates proclaiming the pitiable state of affairs within, and appealing for help from without.

The first to read one of these notices were a little group of men from Bosham who, tracking

the four miles odd home again, returned soon afterwards with cartloads of meat, fish, grain, poultry and sundry other edibles. Signalling to the pickets by the West Gate that they had brought relief, they placed their produce upon a group of stones near by, together with their bill of account, giving instructions at the same time for the money to be left in a water-trough so that they could pick it up on their next journey. For, of course, all contact was out of the question.

Day after day, for weeks on end, the men of Bosham continued their crusades of mercy until, at last, the city of Chichester was free and clean once more. To this day the fishermen of Bosham hold the right to sell fish in any market in England without paying tolls, besides holding the rights to free mooring, wild-fowling and free fishing within the waters of their own harbour, and they will tell you that it is by virtue of the several parts their forefathers played that they enjoy these privileges to-day.

Old beliefs die hard in this quiet corner of Sussex, and we would not have it otherwise. Strangest and most fascinating of them is the legend built up round the village church. In the days of Canute, the story goes, a fleet of Norsemen sailed up Bosham Channel, bent on plundering the village. They landed, sacked the place, and were making off with the tenor bell when the monks, who had been somewhat neglectful of their duties of late, having pleaded in vain with the pirates, ran to the church tower to ring a peal of gratitude that at least their lives had been spared. Strange to tell, as the joyful peal from the remaining bells echoed across the water, the tenor bell at once moved in sympathy, causing such a rocketing that it fell through the bottom of the boat without, however, allowing a single drop of water to enter the hold.

Vainly did the monks pray to St. Nicholas to give them his aid in recovering their precious treasure; their prayers remained unanswered. Finally, it was decided to purchase a new bell rope and to employ a team of pure white heifers (the suggestion of a witch, no doubt) in one big salvage operation. All went well for a time. Indeed, the bell was actually brought to the surface and was about to be landed when, at the critical moment, the rope snapped and it plunged deeper than ever into the mud below, where it remains to this day.

Though many will deny it, there are others in Bosham to-day who will still emphatically declare that, on a still day, they can hear the muffled toll of the old bell below the tidal waters.

Be that as it may, this is a legend that not even the passage of time can ever wear thin, for, lest any should forget, a red bell on a white ground is the chosen burgee of the Bosham Sailing Club.



BOSHAM HARBOUR, A FAVOURITE RESORT OF YACHTSMEN

[A number of distinguished artists and architects have recently issued a public protest against a proposal to insert a bed of Portland stone in the tower of the church at Bosham as a foundation for a War Memorial electric clock—Ed.]

The FARRER COLLECTION of ENGLISH SILVER—I

THE HUGUENOT SILVERSMITHS

By A. G. GRIMWADE

THE art treasures of the nation were nobly enriched last year through the bequest to the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, of the Farrer Collection of old English silver by the will of Mr. Gaspard Farrer through the National Arts Collection Fund. The gift drew little attention, probably because the significance of the Collection was scarcely known outside a small body of experts and connoisseurs; consequently the munificence of the benefaction was not grasped by the general public. It seems, therefore, justifiable to attempt to draw attention to it here, in the hope that readers of COUNTRY LIFE, with their appreciation of all that is best in the English tradition of the applied arts, may be made aware of the importance of the bequest now part of their national heritage of art.

The Collection was formed in its entirety by the late William Francis Farrer, principally in the second decade of the century, and has existed in its present state, with the exception of a few pieces presented to others, since 1924, the year of his death. Shortly before that occurred there had appeared the catalogue made by the late E. Alfred Jones, F.S.A., in a sumptuous limited edition, remarkable both for its scholarly research and splendour of book production, worthy of such an outstanding tribute to the craftsmanship of the English silversmith.

The period covered by the Collection is, in the opinion of many, the supreme age of English silver, distinguished by technical achievements of the highest order allied to a perfection of taste and design rarely equalled in this or any other country. Roughly it lies in the first three decades of the 18th century and was the result of the marriage of French taste to the high standards of craftsmanship that had so long prevailed in England, assisted by the fact that the enforcement in 1697 of the Higher or Britannia standard of silver for wrought plate gave to the silversmith a finer material for his craft than sterling silver had hitherto provided. The Farrer Collection, illustrating this period, possesses in its balance and completeness something in the nature of a musical composition—a concerto, if the simile is not too fanciful, with Paul De Lamerie



1.—FRENCH ECUELLE AND COVER BY CHARLES PETIT, PARIS, 1674

smiths against the granting of the freedom of the City to the refugees. This, however, proved of no avail, and before many years the Huguenots were well established and their influence was proving of enormous importance to the vitality of the art.

Two French pieces in the Collection serve as an introduction to this influence on English silver and the work of the Huguenots considered in this article. These are a fine ewer and dish and a charming ecuelle and cover, both by Charles Petit, of Paris, 1674. The ecuelle (Fig. 1) is particularly interesting in displaying the "cutcard" foliate ornament so much favoured by Pierre Harache and others in London. There is an obvious

connection between this piece and the porringer and cover by Harache of 1685 (Fig. 2). This well-known maker may be regarded as the doyen of the Huguenot school in England, and in his sense of dignified restraint in this piece, or in the lavish decoration of the magnificent pair of pilgrim bottles of 1699 presented by Mr. Farrer to Eton College, he is in every way the equal of those who followed. He appears in the records of the Goldsmiths' Company as having been admitted a freeman in 1682 and is described as "Peter Haraske, a Protestant, having lately come from France to escape persecution"—a sign that the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 was no suddenly conceived act of bigotry but merely the statutory acknowledgment of an attitude already prevailing. Harache is further represented in the Collection by a large dish of 1703 bearing the arms of John Methuen, negotiator of the Methuen Treaty with Portugal of that year, and ancestor of Lord Methuen.

The gradual development of the cup of porringer form of the 17th century to the standing cup and cover of the 18th is shown by the next piece (Fig. 3.). This is one of a pair of fine cups by John Chartier of 1699 engraved with the arms of John Holles, Earl of Clare, created Duke of Newcastle in 1694. The development of the cutcard work in the French style to the strap-work of the 18th century is also well shown by the alternative leaves and ribbed straps on this piece, which in the next cup (Fig. 4.) retain the same outline and form, but are enriched with



(Left) 2.—PORRINGER AND COVER BY PIERRE HARACHE, 1685

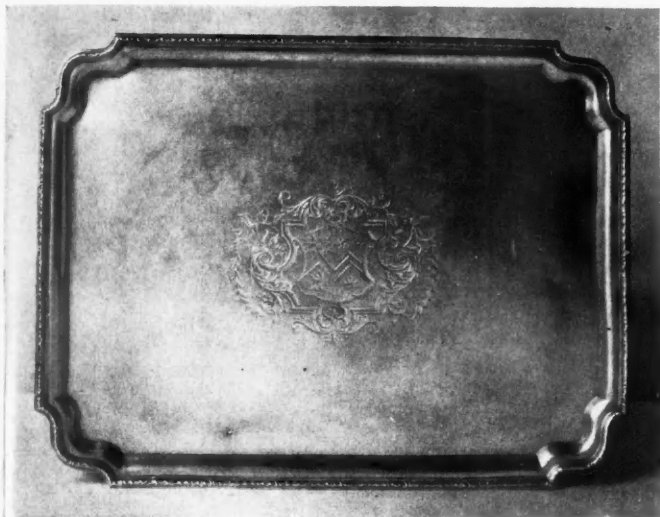
(Below, left) 3.—WILLIAM III CUP AND COVER BY JOHN CHARTIER, 1699

(Below, right) 4.—QUEEN ANNE CUP AND COVER BY PIERRE PLATEL, 1705

as soloist exhibiting all the superb virtuosity and mastery of the medium that was his, to the accompaniment of many others little less accomplished than himself.

When in 1685 the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which had guaranteed religious toleration in France, caused a mass emigration of Huguenots of all kinds to the Low Countries and England, among them were many silversmiths. These latter found their way to London and were soon established through their industry and skill as serious rivals to the native craftsmen. They met with considerable opposition at first, and to-day's "closed shop" tactics reflect the petition presented in 1703 by London gold-





5.—GEORGE II SALVER BY DAVID WILLAUME, 1729



6.—PAIR OF GEORGE II EWERS BY PAUL CRESPIN, 1732

chased husks and interlaced scrollwork. This cup, a piece of the finest quality, is by Pierre Platel, to whom Lamerie was apprenticed in 1703, and bears the hall-marks of 1705, so that the youthful apprentice may well have witnessed its creation by his master, who, like his more famous pupil, sprang from a family of the old French nobility. His father, the Sieur Jean Platel du Plateau, fled from persecution in 1685 to Flanders, whence his sons arrived at Brixham in 1688 in the train of William III. Pierre Platel

the high standard of his work, one not unworthy to be ranked alongside Lamerie. Such a comparison is well supported by the example of the fine pair of ewers made by him in 1732 (Fig. 6). These show the final stage to which strapwork decoration attained, with the inclusion of busts in medallions, a feature of which this silversmith was particularly fond, both in his chased and engraved decoration. Although Paul Crespín entered his mark in 1720, his most active period appears to have been the next decade. In the same year as he wrought these jugs he made a dinner service belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. The Duke of Marlborough possesses a pair of wine coolers by him of 1733 and there is a set of four fine candlesticks of 1736 in the Farrer Collection which came from the famous Ashburnham sale of 1914. A large salver of 1737, also in the Ashmolean Museum, and a most interesting chocolate pot of 1738, originally belonging to the Earl of Dysart, bear further witness to his output.

A maker of lesser repute, though only, I feel, because specimens of his work are considerably rarer than those of the makers already discussed, was Louis Cuny or Cugny. Fig. 7 shows a pair of fine castors from his shop, which bear the arms of George I and may be dated from about 1715, though bearing no date letter. These graceful pieces originally came from the collection of the Duke of Cumberland, and are excellent examples of the way in which the intruding refugees assimilated in their turn traditional English lines, for they

show no sign of French influence unless perhaps in the extremely decorative piercing of the covers. Cuny is also represented by a small hexagonal chocolate pot of 1711.

The well-known family of the Courtaulds are, naturally enough, to be found among their fellow craftsmen, and I select to represent them my last illustration, a fine plain inkstand by Samuel Courtauld of 1748 (Fig. 8). An unusual feature of this piece is a sliding drawer for pens beneath the base, which has resulted in rather higher feet for the stand than one normally expects to find.

Samuel Courtauld's more famous father, Augustine, founder of the firm, is represented by a most unusual piece in the form of an oval bottle stand, finely engraved, of 1723, which still retains an old green glass wine-bottle of the period. Rare as these pieces are, it is surprising to find another in the Collection, by Simon Pantin, 1724, which, although considered by Mr. Alfred Jones to be a sugar-basin, is, I feel, more likely on the evidence of the Courtauld example of a year earlier to be another bottle-stand, being so close in size and shape to the latter. The Courtauld family is further recalled by a table bell made by Louisa Perina in 1766, who continued in business after the death of her husband, Samuel, in the previous year.

Space prevents either illustration or discussion of further examples of the Huguenot school, but omitting Paul De Lamerie, who, as the epitome of the whole, forms the subject of a separate article, mention of the names of Lewis Mettayer, Jacob Margas, and Philip Bruguier shows that my survey is not exhaustive and witnesses to the completeness with which this fine school of English silversmiths is illustrated by the Farrer Collection.

(To be continued)



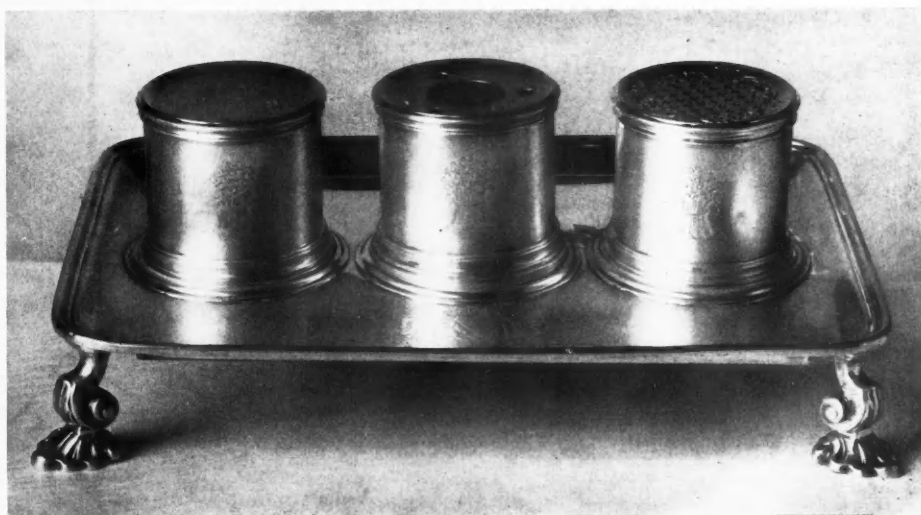
7.—PAIR OF GEORGE I CASTORS BY LOUIS CUNY, circa 1715

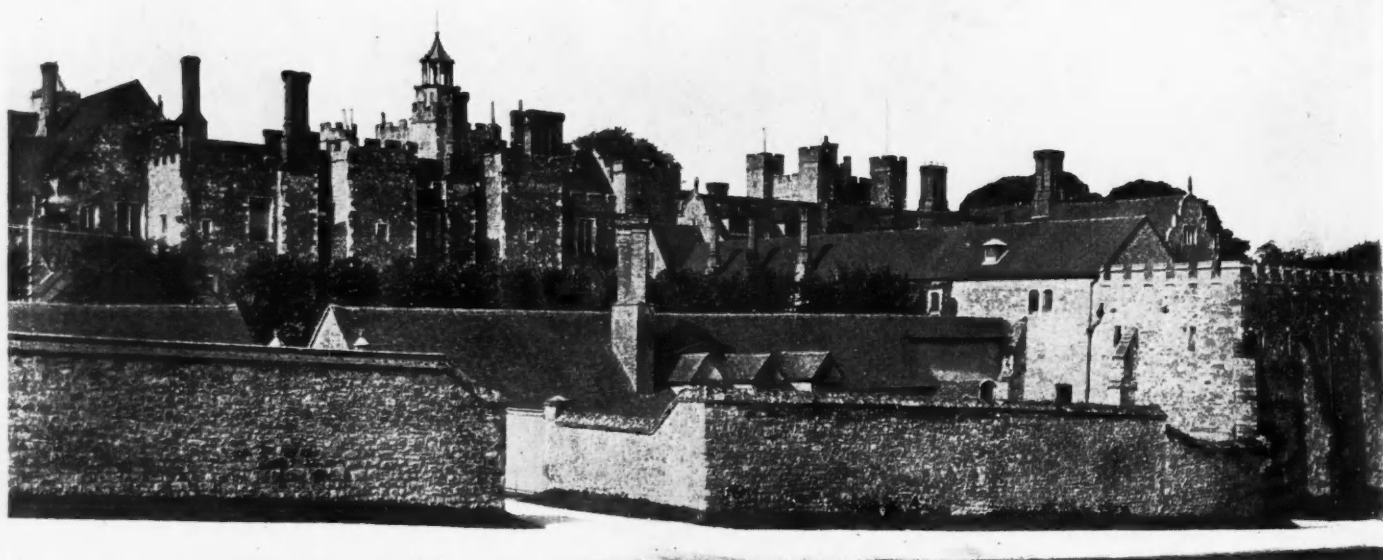
(Right) 8.—GEORGE II INKSTAND BY SAMUEL COURTAULD, 1748

was made a Freeman of the Goldsmiths' Company in 1699 and died twenty years later. He is further represented in the Collection by a set of three castors of 1707 and a plain chocolate pot of 1702. His most famous work is undoubtedly the gold ewer and dish belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, which shows him as the superb craftsman that he was.

One of the most prolific of the Huguenots was David Willaume, of whose work there are many fine examples in the collections of the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Devonshire and other peers. He is worthily represented by a superb oblong salver of 1729 (Fig. 5), which in its restraint, proportions and fine balance of decoration to plain surface, is one of the most outstanding pieces in the Collection.

Paul Crespín is yet another of the craftsmen of French extraction represented, and from





1.—"NUMBERLESS RUSSET ROOFS AND SQUAT GREY TOWERED WALLS, SPREADING OVER A LABYRINTH OF COURTS"

KNOLE: THE GIFT OF LORD SACKVILLE TO THE NATIONAL TRUST

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

KNOLE is rightly held to be the outstanding example of the great country house, that expression of the native genius in building, craftsmanship, and spiritual content as peculiar to England as the humour and poetry of Shakespeare. Compared with the châteaux of France, the villas of Renaissance Italy, the vast castles and palaces of the Imperial domains, Knole rambles as formlessly and glows with as teeming human nature as, say, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* contrasted with *Phèdre*. The analogy of these old amorphous homes, and of Knole

in particular, with Shakespeare is apt, too, historically; the sun and storm of Elizabethan England generated both on roots going back into earlier tradition. Knole, for example, though cast in its present mould by the first Earl of Dorset, who died in 1608, and enriched by various descendants, incorporates the shell of a Plantagenet archbishop's palace of 1460 in which stones like homely phrases of a previous building are probably embedded. Thus Knole is compounded of a feudal manor house, an ecclesiastical palace, a Renaissance mansion, and the country home of a Kentish

family for three and a half centuries; in the same way that the Kentish weald around is park, orchard, farm, and arcadian landscape. Better than to analyse is to accept both with reverence and gratitude for the men and women who, through the years, wrought, and loved, and gave such beauty to our land.

Knole's primacy among great houses, as English country houses excel their foreign counterparts, lies in the qualities called "atmosphere." In that it is English as a painting by Constable, who might well have made a fine picture of its numberless criss-crossing russet roofs and squat grey towered walls, spreading speckled wings over a labyrinth of courts, yards and passages, like a huge bird brooding among the thick oaks and bracken. It is the atmosphere of continued living and loving that makes itself felt as soon as you pass under the outer gateway into the Green Court—exactly like the quadrangle of a college though the great sets of rooms here, each with their door and staircase, were for men and women learned not so much in the humane as in the domestic arts of cooking, brewing, distilling, bottling, sewing, joinery, gardening, and caring for horses and dogs and hawks, their harness and stables and kennels and mews. For the great country house differed little from a college in the multitude of its establishment. Their number, to the tune of a hundred and twenty, and labours indeed are specified in the surviving house books and went, in one way or another, to the making of the great house's atmosphere, whether by embroidering the stuffs or raising the flowers, the fragrance of which still hangs about its long galleries, or attending to all the animals on which its sustenance ultimately depended, if not ministering more directly to My Lord. Collegiately, they ate in the hall, which forms the farther



2.—ARCHBISHOP BOURCHIER'S GATE-HOUSE, BETWEEN THE GREEN COURT AND THE STONE COURT

side of the next court, the Stone Court, entered through what was the gate-house of Archbishop Bouchier's palace. That prelate, in whose veins ran the blood of Edward III, and who filled the See of Canterbury in the Yorkist interest, had bought Knole from the heir of that Lord Saye and Sele who had lost his head in Jack Cade's insurrection but, by marrying the Wykeham heiress, had acquired Broughton Castle in Oxfordshire. Bouchier's building precedes another archbishop's at Hampton Court by only fifty years, and is its direct antecedent in point of design. Even the colonnade added by Lord Dorset above the hall side, which gives the court its half classical character, has its counterpart in Wren's cloister to Wolsey's court.

Beyond the hall again is the Water Court, with the kitchens along one side of it communicating via the screens with the hall; and to the right of the Water Court is the Peasant Court, a secret enclosure lighting the latticed bow windows of the apartment leading to the Archbishop's Chapel at the farthest extent of the buildings and overlooking the walled gardens. Around these three inner courts lie the rooms, strung on long many-windowed galleries, to which the Sackville family have given such extraordinary richness of aesthetic and historic atmosphere.

Knole had remained with the archbishops till Cranmer prudently gave his palace to Henry VIII; his son granted Knole

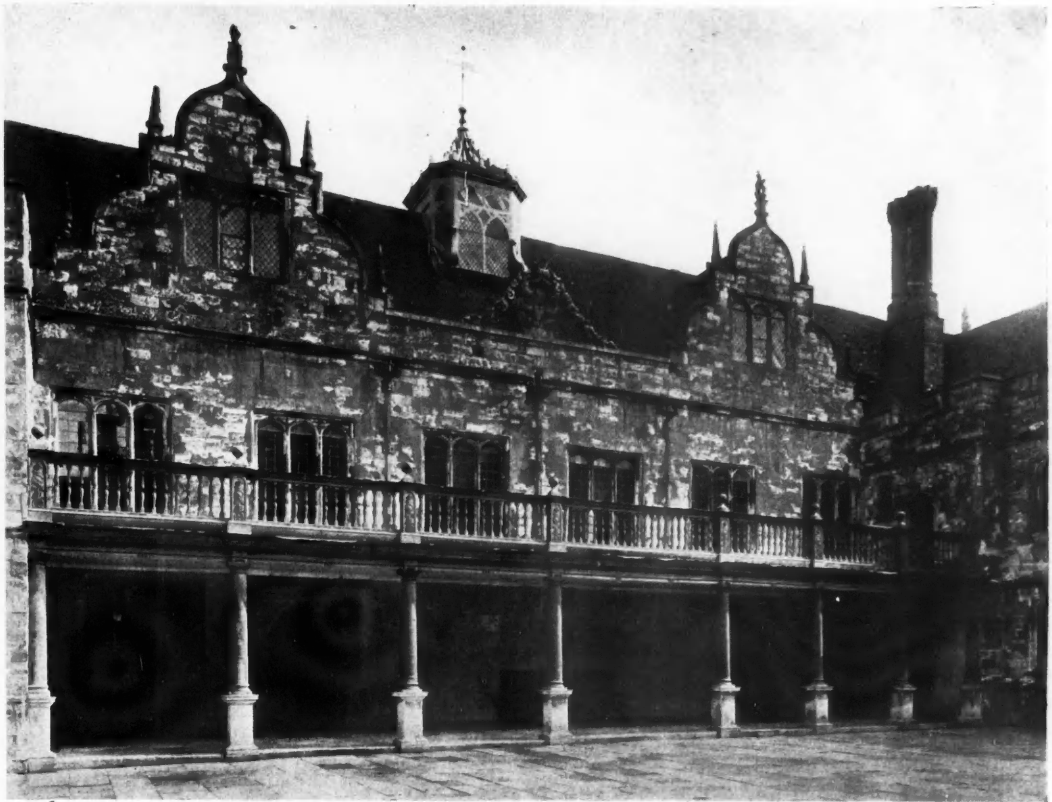
to his Lord Protector, Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, on whose attainder it reverted to Queen Mary; she assigned it to Archbishop Pole, whereafter Queen Elizabeth restored Knole to Northumberland's son, her favourite Lord Leicester. He, however, gave it back, when she bestowed it on Sir Thomas Sackville, of Buckhurst, subject to a long

lease, made by Leicester, to the Lennard family of Chevening. So it was not till the new century and the next reign that Lord Buckhurst, now Lord High Treasurer the Earl of Dorset, K.G., entered on his new home.

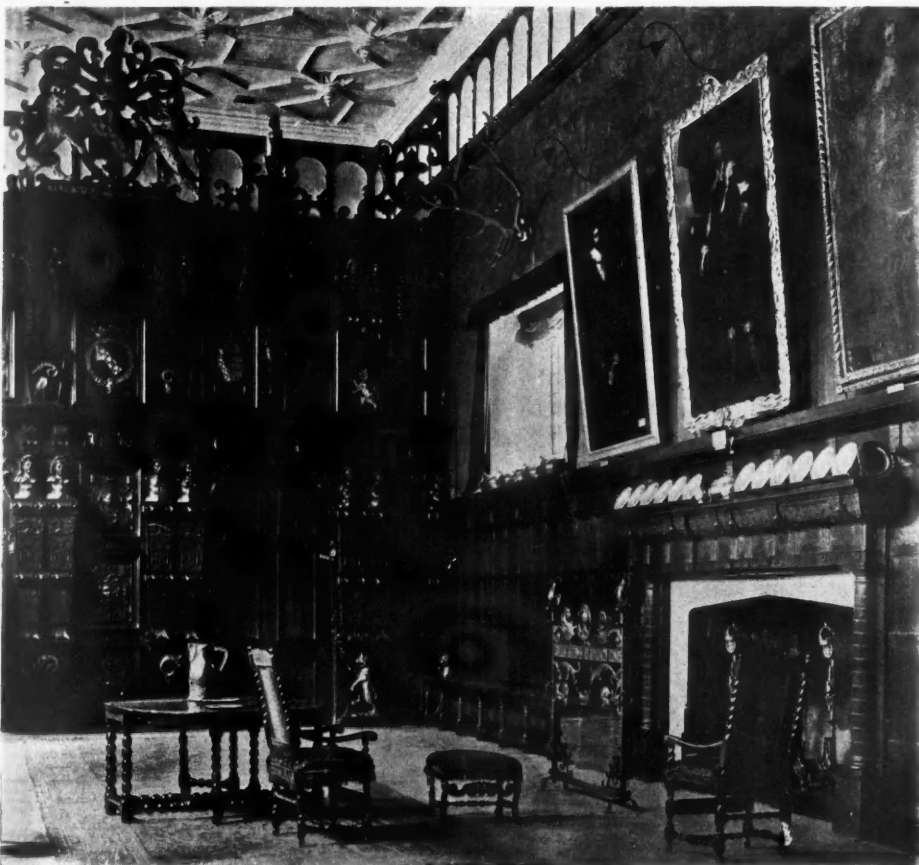
One of his first cares was to overhaul, if not entirely renew, the whole vast area of roof, which accounts for many skylines of Knole having curved and pinnacled gables surmounted by the supporters of Sackville, and the immense number of richly wrought rain-water heads adorned with his coroneted arms, initials, and the date 1605. To follow the course of all his changes would be a full day's wandering, so that here only a few can be noted.

He entirely redecorated the hall (Fig. 4), putting in a flat moulded ceiling and the heavily ornate screen in the Antwerp fashion. And in the corner formed by the dais and of the hall and Water Court, he set a grand staircase (Fig. 5). Its form, with arches at top and bottom, and beasts crouching upon the newel posts, is lovely, but, as everywhere at Knole, the texture and colouring are its unique beauty. It retains entire the contemporary painted decoration in grisaille offset with yellow and marbling and tintured heraldry, the walls, where not pierced by latticed windows or hung with great gilt-framed pictures, covered with strap-work and architectural designs in the same intricate patterns and soft colouring.

From the stairhead there runs along the side of Water Court the Brown Gallery (Fig. 9), out of which at right angles turns the Leicester Gallery; and there opens the Ballroom (Fig. 6), from which, through the Reynolds Rooms, we come to the Cartoon Gallery, running along the side of the Stone Court to King James I's Room. We will take the first route, where the Brown Gallery's oak wainscot is almost overlaid by innumerable 17th-century portraits in Georgian frames and by an astonishing series of furniture of the same age, including some of the famous upholstered chairs. Turning down



3.—IN THE STONE COURT. THE HALL COLONNADE



4.—THE GREAT HALL



5.—THE PAINTED STAIRCASE



6.—IN THE BALLROOM

the Leicester Gallery, in a deep bay off which stands one of the earliest billiard-tables in existence, we pass the Spangle Room, so-called because the great bed and furniture—said to have been a present from King James I—are upholstered in red satin, with silver spangles and enriched with cloth of gold appliqué patterns, all against a background of dark carved wainscot and tapestry. At the end we come to the Venetian Room (Fig. 8), with a bed of great magnificence of the later part of the century and even finer tapestry background.

The Ballroom (Fig. 6) is lined with some of the richest Jacobean wainscot in existence, divided by pilasters carved in relief, which support a moulded plaster frieze of mermaids and griffins, above them a ribbed ceiling. Much of the walls, however, is covered by full-length portraits and rich gilded sconces; and the room is filled with gilded and damask furniture, much of it of the early 18th century, which, with a fine old Persian carpet, fills it with colour. This culminates in the chimneypiece inlaid with many-coloured marbles and carved alabaster motifs such as vases, ribbons, swags of fruit and

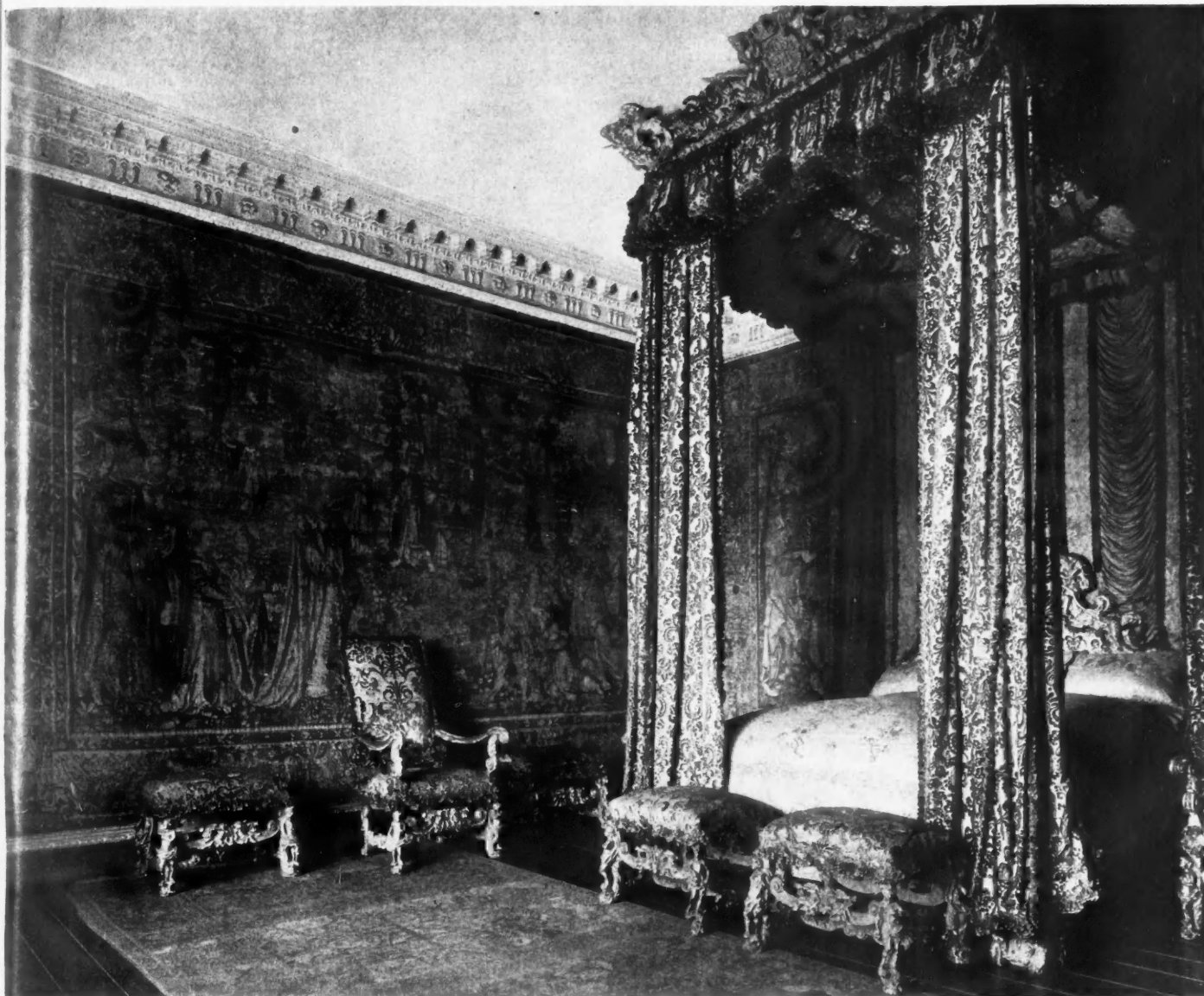


7.—THE BAY WINDOW IN THE CARTOON GALLERY

musical instruments reaching from floor to ceiling. Another, of the same type, which must represent the work of a fine Continental, probably Antwerp, craftsman, stands in the adjoining Reynolds Room—so-called from the family portraits which all but cover its walls of cut Genoa velvet.

So we reach perhaps the most gorgeous apartment of all, the Cartoon Gallery. The chimneypiece in it is of the same sumptuous materials, but the walls are continuously lined with full-sized versions of the Raphael Cartoons, the noble walnut furniture and spare wall spaces are upholstered in cut Genoa velvet of great richness, and the ceiling decorated with a lattice of curving ribs finer than most others in the house. In the middle of the window wall a recess is ornamented in the same manner as the staircase (Fig. 7), but with more richness of carving and colour. Combined with the marble white of the sculpture, the tinctures of the heraldic glass, and the deep tones of the furniture, the photograph of this alcove conveys, to me, most vividly of any scene about Knole, the quality of atmosphere, of texture produced by the overlayings of time upon the designs of artistry, which I regard as its rarest and most precious characteristic.

There are, of course, others as notable. The unparalleled wealth of furnishings, the embossed silver tables, the tapestries and textiles, the gorgeous suites of seat-furniture, the wrought-iron and silvered chimney furniture, the immense gallery of family portraits—each alone are such as to make Knole unique as a repository of the arts of the 17th century. But the combined effect



8.—THE VENETIAN ROOM

(Right) 9.—THE BROWN GALLERY

is equalled not even by Hardwick and Drayton, the nearest comparisons as hereditary treasure houses.

The tradition, the handing down, of all this artistry is civilisation in tactile and visual form. It has been one of the services of those currently termed the privileged class, to whom, with strange absence of elementary good manners, it is the fashion to say not so much as thank you when appropriating that which they have contributed to England—presumably as implying some beholdenness on the part of the recipients. Therefore it is briefly stated that Knole is the gift of the fourth Lord Sackville to the British people for permanent preservation through the National Trust. Several years of legal negotiations and a special Act of Parliament have been needed to effect the transfer, by which the nation receives so rich an inheritance. The care and love that have gone to the tradition of Knole now devolve upon us all. May the privilege enrich understanding of what it means to be English.

The National Trust announce that, owing to lack of staff, this year days on which Knole will be open to the public can be only Thursdays and Saturdays, 2 to 5 p.m.; Bank Holidays, 10 to 1 p.m. and 2 to 5 p.m. (2s. 6d.). Also Fridays, 10 to 1 p.m. and 2 to 5 p.m. (5s.).



FORM AND COLOUR IN THE GARDEN

By D. T. MacFIE



COLOUR-MASS BORDERS AT HASCOMBE COURT, GODALMING, SURREY, WHICH PROVIDE A PERFECT SETTING FOR THE HOUSE

IN his thought-provoking *Form and Colour* Mr. March Phillips claimed that "form has dominated Art whenever and wherever the intellectual faculty has dominated life; colour has dominated Art whenever and wherever the emotional faculty has dominated life."

If this dogma be accepted, the proper conclusion is that in English gardens we seek both intellectual and emotional delight. Whether or not this betokens a nice balance between intellectual and emotional perception is a moot point, and in any case there are and always have been exceptions to the rule in form and colour schools of thought. There are those to whom colour mass has always been a vulgar ostentation. There are others to whom a garden without it is a mockery of what a garden

should be. Controversy between them has raged for many years. For a time the argument smoulders but periodically it flares up with renewed vigour. The latest topic to add coals to the fire is the much vexed one of the herbaceous border.

Whatever their artistic merits or failings, herbaceous borders are expensive in labour—the most precious commodity, it would seem, in this country to-day. Without regular replanting the best planned border will soon degenerate into a jungle of overgrown plants and, as is the perverse way of things, all the choicer and cherished specimens will surely be the first to be smothered by more rampant neighbours. The task of lifting, dividing and replanting an extensive border is one at which the stoutest heart might quail if nothing more than casual

help is available, and so there is talk of a more labour-saving type of border; and once again the rival factions of form and colour have been stirred into wordy action.

Form devotees are as adamant in their uncompromising condemnation of the colour-mass border as they have always been. How, they claim, can mere flamboyance satisfy the aesthetic gardener? If there must be borders, then it is shrubs, which have enduring beauty of form and all-the-year-round interest, that they would plant. Colour enthusiasts have been equally ready to emphasise the necessity for highlights in a completely satisfying garden picture. Where, they argue, is there one more perfect than a well-designed border of herbaceous plants?

There is much to be said for the point of view of both schools of thought, but surely this is an instance where the middle way, the combination of colour and form, is the best way. I do not say so in any spirit of compromise. It is the solution that I am certain most unbigoted gardeners will eventually adopt.

English gardening has suffered too much in the past from the proselytising of over-zealous enthusiasts who could see no other conception than their own, who condemned out of hand everything that had been done before and who poured scorn and ridicule on the heads of all who dared to differ from their own extraordinarily narrow concept of gardening art. For proof of this one has only to think of the progress of events since the austere days of the early 17th century. Gardens then were admittedly formal, some of them almost painfully so, and the revolution led by "Capability" Brown and Repton was in some respects overdue. But these two zealots were as all-embracing in their condemnations as they were narrow in their own conceptions of garden design. As a result, much that was lovely, a matured and integral part of equally lovely surroundings, was ruthlessly swept away. Straight lines, for example, were anathema to them, and so we bemoan the loss of many stately avenues, replaced by what was so often a Dresden china type of pastoral landscape.

There followed the Victorian vogue



A FORMAL GARDEN THAT IS IN PERFECT ACCORD WITH ITS SURROUNDINGS. A VIEW IN THE GROUNDS OF BLENHEIM PALACE, OXFORDSHIRE

of the parterre, a revival, to excess of Le Notre's teaching and example, though exhibiting little of his undoubted genius, and a natural reaction in the opinion of many critics to a surfeit of landscape treatment. Once again the spirit level, the foot-rule, compasses and protractors were the only tools of the garden designer, and the strident colours of calceolaria, lobelia and pelargonium the greater part of their spectrum.

William Robinson's crusade for a natural garden did more than rescue the art of garden design from so monotonous a vogue. It undoubtedly led to the evolution of the English garden as we know it to-day, a garden which risks nothing of fashion but instead bears the unmistakable imprint of the owner's individuality, no matter how many experts may have been consulted in the planning, and in which the astounding wealth of plant life that is the portion of present-day gardeners is given a chance to show its true beauty.

It is difficult not to see in the herbaceous border controversy another attempt, though by differing schools of thought, to dictate a fashion. For my own part I would wager that neither will succeed. Freedom from such dictates has already been won; it will not be lightly surrendered.

The more the matter is considered the more it will be seen that the mixed border wherein shrubs will provide their quota of flower, berry and form, with wisely chosen perennials to augment the colour scheme from spring until the frosts, is indeed a feasible answer to the practical problem and one that offers infinite possibilities in the planning. Labour costs will certainly be vastly cut if only the perennials are wisely chosen. Rampant growers and over-free seeders can have no place or the same labour trouble will recur, though in diminished degree. Instead, there must be plants which, once set out, can safely be left to their own devices.

There are many such. Peonies in the early summer provide a bounty in themselves and their rate of increase is never likely to cause anxiety. The taller campanulas, the hardy geraniums, salvias such as *S. haematodes* and the Vatican salvia, malva, aconitum, lysimachia, *Anemone japonica* the new *Brittonianum Mexicanum*, *Physostegia virginianum Vivid*, baptisia, platycodon, helleborus, all are non-invasive and reasonably trouble-free plants. Then there are the spring-flowering bulbs, daffodils, tulips, fritillarias, crocus, chionodoxa and many more to provide the ground colour that means so much in the early months. Lilies are an obvious choice, though here the problem may well be that of ensuring that their growth is not swamped by that of the shrubs, nor their root run completely robbed by encroaching roots. The white-spined *Galtonia candicans*, alstroemerias, irises and montbretias are other neat-habited plants of many attractions.

As to shrubs, the choice is limitless, though more fraught with difficulties, for there are winter, summer and autumn garbs to think of in addition to such matters as habit, height and season of flowering. A place must, however, be found for the most reliable of the winter flowers, hamamelis, viburnum and garrya among them, and for those shrubs that follow the first main flush of colour in the early spring and summer. Comparatively they may not be so numerous as the shrubs of spring, but there are plenty of them and they do include some of the loveliest of the whole year's round. The eucryphias and hoherias with their waxen white goblets may be on the borderline of hardiness in some counties, but shrubs of such ethereal loveliness must always be persevered with. Shrub roses are in themselves a host, as are the mock oranges, deutzias, diervillas, cistuses, hydrangeas, including *H. macrophylla* var. *Blue Wave*, tree lupins, and such viburnums as *V. tomentosum plicatum* and *V. tomentosum Mariesii*, with its gracefully tiered branches clustered with snow-white flowers. Nor must the later brooms be forgotten. Genistas such as the gracefully drooping *G. aethensis* and *G. cinerea* will seldom disappoint; nor will the fragrant *Cytisus Battandieri* from Morocco.



SHRUB BORDERS AT RHODODENDRON TIME. INTER-PLANTING WITH NON-INVASIVE PERENNIALS WOULD ADD INTEREST AT OTHER SEASONS



COLOUR-MASS BORDERS WHICH ARE IN THEMSELVES SUPERB BUT LOSE INTEREST THROUGH LACK OF BACKGROUND



INFORMAL SHRUB BORDERS AT ABBOTSWOOD, DORSET; A PLANTING THAT CONFORMS TO THE MOTIF OF THE LAY-OUT

BEGINNING AGAIN ◊ A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

I REMEMBER very clearly, though it is more than thirty years ago now, playing a game with a very good American golfer on a course near Chicago. He told me in burning words how exquisite was the thrill of beginning golf once more after the snows had melted, and how acute the agonies of waiting for the first round under 80. Those are sensations which British golfers are experiencing this year. Their target, to use a fashionable expression, may be 90 or even 100, but the principle is the same.

There was a time when golfers did not, I fancy, play their game all the year round, or at any rate not nearly so much as they do now. The more fastidious of them held golf was neither a winter nor a summer game, that spring and autumn were its proper seasons, and except at those times they put away their clubs. Not many people are now satisfied with such brief and eclectic feasts of golf; they play for the most part all the year through. This time, however, they have had to take a rest, whether they liked it or not. I daresay many of them will in the end be all the better for it, and at any rate they will be able to taste those intense and ardent joys of my Chicago friend. They may almost feel that they would like to go back to school and write a copy of elegiacs on the coming of spring. *Ver redit exultans*: thus, if I remember aright, began the first line quoted in that invaluable work the *Gradus*, and the golfer feels exultant indeed.

Alas that he may not feel exultant for long, for his first attempts may be a little depressing. He is now really and not just relatively out of practice. As a rule, though he may not play very much in winter, it is his own fault if he allows the feel of a club to be entirely unfamiliar. He has got a meadow to drive in, or a garden to chip in, or at any rate he has some open space in which to swing a club. But this time with the snow up to his front door, with not a patch of green anywhere, his chances have been few indeed, and so when he begins again his club probably feels like a cricket bat or some other instrument of an alien game, and when the club seems utterly strange to the hand, then golf is a really difficult game.

In these circumstances what is the right course for the prudent golfer to pursue? I know perfectly well, and so does he, but it is very long odds against his pursuing it. Clearly he ought to resist the temptation immediately to play a round. He ought to go out into a solitary place with a club or two and wrestle with them in prayer. If he does that he will soon recover that priceless if indefinable "feel" of the club; the little tips and dodges to which he had not given a thought perhaps for over two months will all come back. He will soon be himself again. Neither am I going to waste any sympathy on him; on the contrary I think he will be a most enviable person; for some of the pleasantest hours in life are spent in wandering about the course with a single club. As I said, he will probably be far too eager to do anything of the sort, or he will let himself be over-persuaded by the other three regular members of his four-ball match. He will, more likely than not, play extremely ill and return to the club-house a sad, subdued and tired man.

However, do not let me exaggerate the gloom of the picture nor the difficulties of starting again. Our golfer may even astonish himself by playing perfectly well. He may have sloughed some evil habit that was besetting him, and the freshness and joy of the game may carry him through. A good deal depends no doubt on whether he has learnt the game painfully and elaborately, by numbers as it were, or whether he is what is called a natural player, who has learned the game as a boy, so that to swing a club is almost a second nature to him. The made player will probably take a little longer to come back; he will feel rather the stiffer and the stranger of the two.

Horace Hutchinson, writing on this subject, laid it down that "a natural born golfer is never more likely to produce a really brilliant game than about the third day of his resuming

play after a month or more of abstinence from golf." But then in the next sentence or two he goes on to take the conceit out of this natural player. On the fourth day, he says, he will re-discover that he is human and will not be in good enough practice to discover and remedy the cause of failure. He will have to go through the mill just like his more artificial brother.

I am afraid I have no very valuable or original advice to give. It always seemed to me when I began again after a golfless time that far the hardest thing to do was to look at the ball. I think that that simple act is more than anything else in the stroke a matter of practice. I never used to remember it when I began, and as soon as I did remember it I straightway improved. At the moment I am contemplating the playing of a few little "shotties"—they are not worthy of the name of shots—and I am fully determined to transfix the ball with a piercing gaze and to think of nothing else. But of course I shall do nothing of the kind; I shall think of something I have just read in Byron Nelson's book, or of some fantastic theories of my own—the accumulations of several months—and my eye will be on the horizon long before the club has ever reached the ball.

As to not hitting too hard at first, that is also lamentably obvious. So is the counsel not to try to find a cause for every bad shot, but to remember that not having played for two months is in itself quite cause enough. "I've missed the ball," is all he says; to hit it again is all he tries." That was once written of a famous but not perhaps very imaginative sage, Old Tom Morris. It is an example well worthy of our imitation when we come back to golf after an interval.

And now "Avay vith melinchoolly, as the

little boy said ven his school-missis died." What do a few bad shots matter when the good ones will come back sooner or later, and spring is come now and there is a whole summer ahead? It is a summer desperately full of golf—the first two Walker Cup trials, then the Halford Hewitt Cup, then the English Championship, then another final match and the Walker Cup itself, and then the Amateur Championship and that only gets us to the end of May.

The Open Championship at Hoylake is still afar off, and the Ladies at Gullane, and the professional circus will be dashing round the country all the time, and filling up all the nooks and crannies. That to which I most look forward, and so, I know, do a number of other people, is the Halford Hewitt Cup at Deal—a glorious renaissance after eight years, with forty-eight schools entered. Ten times forty-eight makes four hundred and eighty, to say nothing of the camp-followers, such as I am. How on earth will Deal feed us all? But I know it will, and I trust it will hang its narrow streets with flags to welcome us as it used to do.

I suppose there must be gaps and changes in some of the teams. Even the Old Carthusians cannot all go on quite for ever. Will Group Captain John Morrison still be "brushing with early steps the dew away," and declaring that a low, slithering, scrambling brasseys shot up to the second green is not bad for 7.45 a.m.? Harrow have got a good side, I know, with that redoubtable couple, Gray and Oppenheimer, at its head, and I understand that one Harrovian, with true chivalry, has found the Etonians several good players that they did not know of. Well, it will be great fun and if it should be cold I know of an admirable dug-out behind the Sandy Parlour.

GEHAZI AND A GREAT FREEZE-UP

By E. MOORE DARLING

DOWN the mountain two miles from Llyn Wenlas, you come to a village which we will call Llanycaer. I was sitting in the bar of the Moon Inn there when the door opened and in came Gehazi the Gillie. I was the only occupant of the bar, it being a bit early for the locals, so Gehazi spotted me at once, and sat down on the settle beside me with a sigh of content. "Darro me," he said, "What a winter! Not for a fortnight have we been able to get down the mountain or even to reach a farm on the other side of the hill. Eaten all up is the shop by Capel, and in my own house is only a little flour at the bottom of the bin and two trapped rabbits. But a sled have I brought down the mountain now the roads begin to clear, and this night will we have real food—some cheese to our bacon and some shop bread. A joint is there also from Pugh the Meat, but that will be for Sunday."

"Is this the worst freeze-up you remember?" I asked, as he settled down contentedly after his first long application to his pint mug.

"Only one worse," he replied, "But much worse indeed was that. It would be when I was first keeper at Wenlas, just about when the Good Queen had her Jubilee. Fill up your glass, and of that great cold will I tell you." Both our glasses were duly filled by the landlord, who sat down with us as soon as he saw that Gehazi was embarking on one of his famous stories, and, after a long drink, the old man began.

"See you," said he, "that great cold began with the wind working between north and east for a week as it got colder and colder. Once Wenlas was really frozen it lasted for a month without a thaw or even a softening. Wenlas was as hard as the concrete floor of a shippon and bitter was the cold even under the clear mid-day sun which we often had in that great freeze, which, once it set in, was under a windless sky. The path from my little cottage to the landing-stage by the trees was clear enough to walk on, being sheltered under the lee of the hill, so that each day I or my wife took the dogs

that way for exercise. One middle day my wife went out with the dogs but soon came running back, white of face and out of breath, the dogs having their tails between their legs. 'Come you, Da,' says she, 'Come you with me and the dogs to the Llyn for I am afeared.'

"What fears you, woman?" said I, 'Middle day it is and bright is the sunshine, though it is cruel cold, so why be feared?'

"Come you, and hear for yourself," she answers, so I unhook my gun from over the mantelpiece, put on my heavy shoes and go."

Gehazi made play of looking into the bottom of his empty glass. I motioned to the listening landlord to do what was necessary, and Gehazi went on.

"Down the sheltered little lane we went, the sun glimmering on the ice, and skirted the trees until come did we to the landing-stage. There my wife stopped with fear in her eyes. 'Listen,' said she. Quite still I stood there by Wenlas, where the only sound was a barking dog miles away by the Berwyns, and then . . . I heard . . . a knocking . . . a knocking as if someone bumped a plate with a leather-covered mallet."

"Bumped a plate with a leather-covered mallet?" said I.

"Iss so," replied Gehazi. "So was the sound of it, and it went on while you could count twenty slowly, while the dogs had their tails between their legs and shivered."

"Da," said my wife. 'Someone is there under the ice and knocking are they to be let out.'

"A foolish woman are you," I told her. 'For if anyone is under the ice three weeks have they been there, so that dead are they poor souls, and cannot knock,' when *thud, thud, thud*, goes the knocking again.

"Haste you," says my wife, 'Fetch an axe, break the ice and release them, for I cannot bear it,' so home went we all for my big felling axe, my wife being feared to stay there without

me, even though the dogs were with her. Darro me, but a job it was to cut a hole in the ice. Then, see you, when only a foot across was the hole, three great trout were looking at me."

"Three great . . ." I began, but Gehazi raised a deprecating hand and went on.

"More is to come," he said, "for when a yard of water was clear eleven great fish could I see, so I laboured until the ice was broken for six yards of bank and three feet into the width of the Llyn. Then they jostled each other."

"Who?" I asked.

"The great fishes," he replied, his own eyes a-goggle with the wonder of his story. "I think all the great trout in Wenlas were there, and hungry was their look. Their knocking was for someone to bring them food."

"I never saw trout with a hungry look," said I. "My trouble usually is to persuade them to feed at all."

"Sir," said Gehazi. "A great fisherman are you, and know the way of a trout with a fly, but the greatest cold ever was it. Also, I was here and you were not. The trout had been knocking and a hungry look had they." He kept silence as if in dudgeon. "All right," I said. "A hungry look had they."

"Run you," he went on, "Run you," said I to my wife. 'Fetch the remainder of the porridge and some crusts and bacon rinds and the solid part of the pig swill,' and run she did. So did we feed the trout. Each day until the thaw came we came at noon with whatever scraps there were; each day I broke the ice afresh; and each day the trout were waiting. Nine days was it before the frost broke and life came back to Wenlas so that the trout were able to feed themselves."

"Phew!" said I.

* * *

Gehazi devoted himself for some little time to his beer. Then, settling down again, he looked at the assembled locals who had now swelled his audience.

"Now," he went on. "I will tell you the sequence."

"Sequence?" I asked.

"Sequence," he went on importantly, "is a second story which follows on a first story. So was the word explained to me by a fishing gentleman." Here, then, is Gehazi's sequel.

"When spring came the Colonel was the first man to fish here, as soon as the season started. Into the boat got he by the landing-

stage, I having put up his rod with an Alexandra on the tail, and a February Red as dropper. As he reeled out line before the boat began to move, his fly fell into the water, whereupon a fish took it, was played and landed. Again the Colonel got out line ready for his first cast, again his tail fly plopped into the water, and again a good fish took it which was also landed. As he sat in the stern of the boat the Colonel looked into the Llyn and went pale. 'Gehazi,' says he in a whisper, 'See you what I see?'

"That do I, Sir," I answered. 'There is a semi-circle of great fish all round the boat, and they all look at you and me.'

"Thank God," says the Colonel. 'Row me into the middle for the place is haunted.'

"Did you tell the Colonel what had happened?" I asked.

Gehazi winked. "I am a keeper, Sir," said he. "My job is to put gentlemen over feeding fish, and disappointed are they if there are not any. Not all gentlemen are good fishermen so that a splash do they make when casting. Not all days are good fishing days so that even a good man will hardly catch fish. Yet, for that season, a drift past the landing-stage close in would always give us one good fish."

THE VALUE OF LINSEED

Written and Illustrated by H. I. MOORE

THE recent substantial price increase for seed linseed, and the concession that growers may obtain a ton of linseed cake free of coupons for every three tons of linseed sold is likely to give the encouragement to farmers that the national need for linseed oil requires. Perhaps an even greater consideration is the abnormally late season, which has resulted in the scrapping of so many well-laid cropping plans. Linseed, though succeeding best when sown early, gives reasonably good results when sown as late as May, a very decided advantage under present conditions.

In recent years the need for protein and the outstanding part played by linseed in the feeding of livestock, especially young stock, has meant that many farmers have grown a small acreage for home use. Our knowledge of the cultivation and requirements of this crop have accordingly been greatly enriched, and in addition the introduction of new varieties ensures that those who now venture upon growing this crop for the first time have every chance of achieving successful results.

Choice of variety is of prime importance. In pre-war days Plate linseed from the Argentine was commonly sown, a variety that never gave

outstanding yields. Now the Canadian varieties, Royal, Bison and Redwing, have superseded it, and have proved well suited to our conditions. Of these, Royal is the best yielder, but Redwing is ready for cutting some 10-14 days before, while Bison seems to be an intermediate variety in both respects. In the south and east the best choice is Royal, but Redwing is better in the north or for late districts. Unfortunately a serious shortage of seed exists, and farmers would be well advised to take what their seedsmen can offer. The differences between these three are not so great that the chance of obtaining one should be missed for the sake of trying to get a specified variety.

The limiting factor in growing good linseed is usually moisture. The plant is shallow-rooted and makes very rapid growth, only some ten weeks elapsing between sowing and harvesting. Hence a late



IN THRESHING THE DRUM MUST BE SET EXACTLY AND THE SHEAVES FED SLOWLY AND EVENLY

spring drought can exert a very harmful influence on the plant, especially when it is ill established. Thus every effort should be made to sow as early as soil and weather conditions permit and to choose, if possible, a moisture-retaining soil. Land of a sandy nature with a tendency to dry out must be avoided. It is true that the earlier the crop can be sown the better; yet there is a wider range in sowing dates than is permissible with most other crops. In Yorkshire I have seen good crops resulting from sowings the third week in May.

A thin stand is a poor competitor for weeds, and weeds rob the crop of the vital moisture. The cleaner the land, therefore, the better the chance of success, and frequent cultivating before sowing is helpful in giving the weed seeds a chance to sprout and then be killed. Deep working should be avoided for fear of dissipating the all-too-valuable subsoil moisture. After a clean, fine and firm seed-bed has been prepared the seed should be sown at 80 lb. per acre and not deeper than half an inch. A firm seed-bed means a uniform depth of seeding and uniform ripening. That is why drilling is preferable to broadcasting. Cross drilling with 40 lb. of seed in either direction gives much better distribution of the seed, more room for the plants to develop without inter-plant competition and much better opportunity for the linseed to compete with any weeds that may be present.

The crop does not require land in rich condition, and many authorities state that phosphates are unnecessary and potash only when a soil analysis reveals a serious shortage. Nevertheless, experience in Yorkshire indicates that



PULLING LINSEED BY HAND, A SUITABLE METHOD FOR SMALL ACREAGES

a small dressing of phosphate does promote even ripening and hence justifies its use. A little nitrogen ensures the rapid establishment of the plant and 1-2 cwt. of ammonium phosphate applied before sowing has given excellent results.

Some difficulty may be experienced in deciding when to harvest the crop, for it ripens very unevenly. Fortunately it does ripen out in the stook and hence as soon as the first seed capsules contain bright, light-brown seeds the crop can be harvested. A small acreage is likely to be pulled by hand, or mown and dealt with loose, or tied into sheaves by hand. Larger acreages, however, need a binder, and unless the machine is in first-class trim it makes heavy going of this rather tough crop. A power take-off machine with the knives maintained in very

sharp condition is best. In the States the combine is chiefly used. Sheaves should be small to assist drying, and carting should not be contemplated until the crop is perfectly fit. Thatching is essential to prevent weather damage.

Threshing again is not easy, for the seed does not come from the capsules readily. The drum must be set perfectly and the sheaves fed slowly and evenly. Failure to observe these points means that much valuable seed will be left in the straw. Average yields vary from 10-12 cwt. per acre, but with care and reasonable luck with the weather 15-20 cwt. yields are quite feasible and indeed have been obtained. Each ton of seed gives about 16 cwt. of chaff, which is extremely valuable for making linseed jelly, so greatly prized for imparting bloom and con-

dition to young stock. The seed can be retained for home consumption if the grower so desires. The very high oil content, 35-37 per cent., means that only relatively small amounts can be fed. Moreover, it presents some difficulty in the use of linseed, in that when the latter is ground, the oil is liable to flow all over the machinery and floor. Grinding in conjunction with rolled oats as an absorbent is helpful, but even so the question of the small amount that can be fed with safety does exist. Most farmers prefer to boil the linseed and make porridge. There is little doubt that in general the crop should be regarded as a very valuable cash crop, with the added attraction that the chaff and the linseed cake will help out in a modest way to-day's desperate feeding-stuffs position.

CORRESPONDENCE

HAVE ANIMALS A SIXTH SENSE?

SIR,—With reference to recent correspondence about the possession by animals of a sixth sense, just as mankind has powers far transcending the normal, so have birds and animals these powers, sometimes, I believe, in a greater degree. The jackdaw referred to by Mr. Tennyson (March 14) was in great danger; its thoughts then turned to him on whom its affections were centred, its master, or human friend, and, transmitted with extreme urgency and strength, were received by him. Axel Munthe showed that this thought-transference could operate between a dog and a human being, and I myself have had experiences that confirm this.

It is that sixth sense in ourselves that is able on occasion, I am convinced, to receive the messages of those near in spirit to us at a distance, usually, but not always, when danger threatens them. That accounts for the appearance in etheric form of those who, on account of some sudden and violent accident or disaster, are in great danger, or are perhaps already leaving their earthly body.

Yet the appearance of these spirit forms is not always connected with disaster. A friend of mine, gifted with psychic powers, one day heard a knock at the door. When she went to the door and opened it she saw standing there her father, who at the time she knew to be thousands of miles away. So taken aback was she that she said excitedly, "Father, what are you doing here?" But, even as she

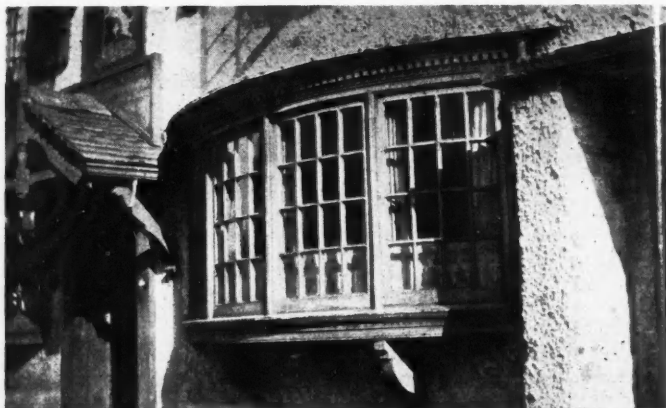
which warns sleeping seals of danger, and that which warns sleeping water birds of their proximity to the shore.

The young of the Atlantic seal are at first land animals; they are born on remote islands on the short heather or grass, and there sleep away the short autumn or early winter days. They often lie, and sleep, in parties and may be approached closely. But the human observer, as he, or she, stands quietly near them as they lie asleep, sees a change gradually affect them.

One will be observed no longer to be sleeping peacefully; it is apparently convulsed by dreams and nightmares, which at length become so acute that the sleeper is awakened. It then slowly raises its head and looks sleepily around; sooner or later its eyes rest upon a creature that to it is still more terrifying than that of which it dreamed. The look of terror that then instantly banishes drowsiness is amusing and also pathetic. I have approached and stood beside a full-grown Atlantic seal, sound asleep, and have seen the same thing happen.

My second example of the sixth sense in animals concerns a pair of Slavonian grebes that I was watching through my glass one windy day. When first I saw them, they were asleep on the water near the middle of a loch with their heads buried beneath their wings. The strong wind was drifting them shoreward, and I wondered what would happen when they reached the shallows.

When they were within perhaps twenty yards of the shore, and apparently showing their heads, or apparently



A BOW WINDOW FORMERLY AT THE UNICORN HOTEL, MANCHESTER

See letter: *Beauty of the Bow Window*

BEAUTY OF THE BOW WINDOW

SIR,—With reference to recent correspondence about Georgian shop-fronts, you may care to see a photograph of one of a number of lovely bow windows at the Unicorn Hotel, Manchester, which were unfortunately dismantled about 1930. My attention was drawn to them by the late Lord Baden-Powell, who sent me the accompanying photograph, with a note saying: "This is the best example I have seen of a really delightful bow window."—A. G. WADE (Major), *Ash Cottage, Bentley, Hampshire.*

NATURE'S LILY-POND

SIR,—The enclosed photograph, taken in early March, of a mill-pond that I use as a bathing-pool, illustrates an unusual and attractive feature of the recent severe weather. Small pieces of ice formed in the water and went gently bumping round in an eddy, each gathering a few crystals of ice on its edge, until it took on the appearance of a water-lily leaf.—M. CHESTERTON, *The Old Mill House, Melton, near Woodbridge, Suffolk.*

BRITISH-GROWN MAIZE

SIR,—To judge by his letter about growing maize in Britain in the issue of March 28, Mr. Hurt is not a regular reader of *COUNTRY LIFE*, otherwise he would have known that on several occasions during the last five years I have written in my Notes about maize-growing in this country. In the issue of October 25 last, for example, I mentioned that my own crop was the one growth on my land that gave a satisfactory result after the deplorable summer of 1946.

From my experiences during the last five years, I consider that maize is an excellent cereal for the small poultry-keeper to grow these days, when there are so many restrictions concerning other crops, but I very much doubt if it will ever be an economic factor with the bigger farmer, who has to consider yield per

acre together with cost of manure and labour.

It is my experience that to be a success maize requires a first-class soil and generous treatment with farmyard manure; it is, as Mr. Hurt says, liable to attacks by a variety of pests, it is also most susceptible to frosts in the spring, and, lastly, the removal of the corn from the cob is a lengthy and tiresome business.—C. S. JARVIS (Major), *Hampshire.*

PRICE OF DRIED GRASS

SIR,—I was very interested in the conversation of the four farmers recorded by Cincinnatus in *COUNTRY LIFE* of March 21, particularly in regard to grass drying. The price of £15 mentioned for dried grass would certainly be fine, but I presume the farmers were referring to baled dried grass, and not ground dried grass.

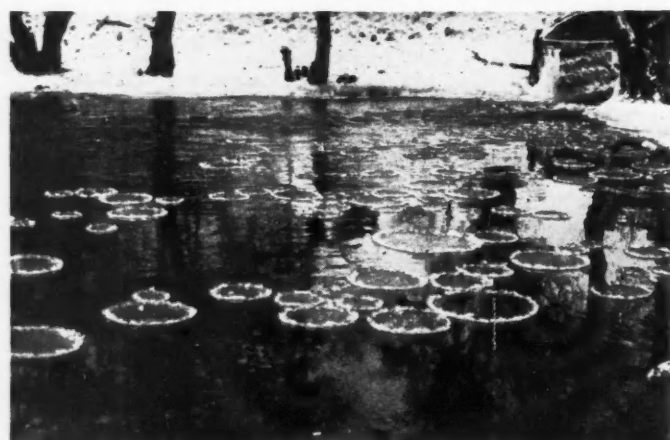
Grass meal is a commodity of undoubted importance nationally, as a cattle food, and I would like to know of any place where I could obtain dried ground grass at the price mentioned by the farmers.

A lot of data in regard to costs and the producing of dried grass meal may be found in a book that I read recently, based on the experiments of the Hannah Dairying Institute in Scotland. This would be very illuminating to the said farmers.—R. M. CHAMBERLAIN, *Belle Vue Bank, Gateshead-on-Tyne, 9, Durham.*

WOODCARVINGS AT BEVERLEY

SIR,—I was very interested in the photographs of the Burns sideboard in your issue for December 20, for the craftsmanship closely resembles that of the late James Edward Elwell of Beverley, Yorkshire. He was head of a local group of woodcarvers who flourished 50-60 years ago and some of whose work is still to be seen in the neighbourhood.

Elwell's most notable achievement was the oak organ screen, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, in



ON A SUFFOLK MILL-POND: A STRANGE FORMATION OF ICE DURING THE SEVERE WEATHER

See letter: *Nature's Lily-pond*

spoke, the figure vanished, and she then went through a period of acute anxiety lest some mischance had happened to her father. When she heard that he was indeed in excellent health her relief can be imagined.

But the term sixth sense cannot be said to deal only with telepathy; it covers, indeed, a vast range. To take two examples—the sixth sense

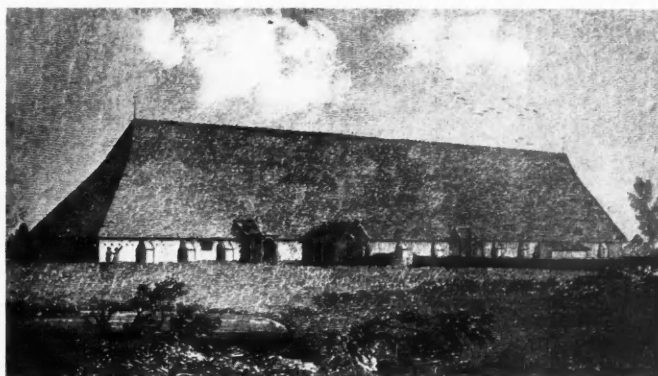
awakening, they slowly swam out against the wind to the middle of the loch. Again the wind drifted them in, and again, still asleep, they returned to their previous station. I have no doubt that here again a sixth sense warned them of danger, in this instance not of the nearness of a human being, but of a lee shore.—SETON GORDON, *Upper Duntulm, Isle of Skye.*

Beverley Minster. I have seen furniture very much after the style of the Burns sideboard in one or two Beverley homes, but Elwell and his men decorated also house exteriors, chiefly in North Bar Without, two outstanding examples of which are shown in the accompanying photographs.

The house then occupied by Elwell himself, under the very shadow of the Bar, has one of these door-head panels. Copied from a *Punch* cartoon of his day, it portrays Disraeli as "The Political Cheap Jack." He is making one of his electioneering speeches from the back of an open wagon, while a crowd of fellows look on awed, it seems, by the wonderful flow of oratory.

In the other panel, which stands above the doorway of a house called Pinewood, Elwell's skill turns from politics to literature, for it represents the Dolls'-eye maker scene from Dickens's *The Cricket on the Hearth*. A quotation at the foot of the panel (*We like to go as near Nature as we can for sixpence*) gives the trade-slogan of the toy-makers. Caleb Plummer, seen at the table making a wooden horse, etc., is supposed to be a likeness of John L. Toole, the famous actor, who frequently played this part and who was a friend of the Beverley wood-carver.

If this panel is compared with that representing *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, in your correspondent's photograph, the technique of both carvings will be seen to be very similar. Is it



AN OLD BARN FORMERLY AT CHOLSEY, BERKSHIRE

See letter: *An Old Berkshire Barn*

left severely alone by the majority of birds, so that it has no special need of protection from attack by birds. Whether the processionary instinct serves any useful purpose is problematical, but it is a deeply implanted instinct. It is said (but we do not vouch for the truth of it) that if a procession of these larvae is arranged head to tail in a circle they will revolve until they collapse from exhaustion.—ED]

UNRATIONED MEAT

SIR,—Just after lunch on February 4 my husband and I were looking out into the garden of this Sussex hotel

carry prey to their young, and though February is early in the season for them to breed, it seems likely that this one had a family somewhere near.—ED]

AN OLD BERKSHIRE BARN

SIR,—With reference to the recent illustration of a 13th-century barn at S. Pierre sur Dives, Normandy, and the discussion on the oldest barn, you may care to see the enclosed photograph of a barn formerly at Cholsey, Berkshire, which I obtained recently by courtesy of the Oxford City Librarian. In the

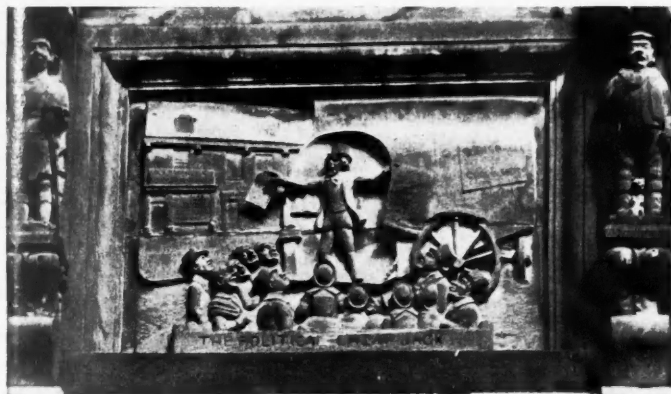
stantiate Gilpin's statement, in his *Description of Forest Scenery*, that the date 1101 was marked in the interior. No date earlier than the 16th century was found, and the editor of 130 years ago suggests that 1101 was a slip for 1501, since the barn's construction did not warrant a tentative dating earlier than the end of the 15th or the beginning of the 16th century. (There was another suggestion that the barn was built about the middle of the 13th century).

The barn was divided within into three aisles by 17 stone pillars on either side, and these pillars supported the oak and chestnut roof. The actual tiles of the roof were computed to number 230,000, many being of unusual size and thickness. The word "tiles" is presumably used in the old sense, to comprehend thin roofing stones.—J. D. U. WARD, *Lamborough Hill, Abingdon, Berkshire*.

SAVING OLD MILLS

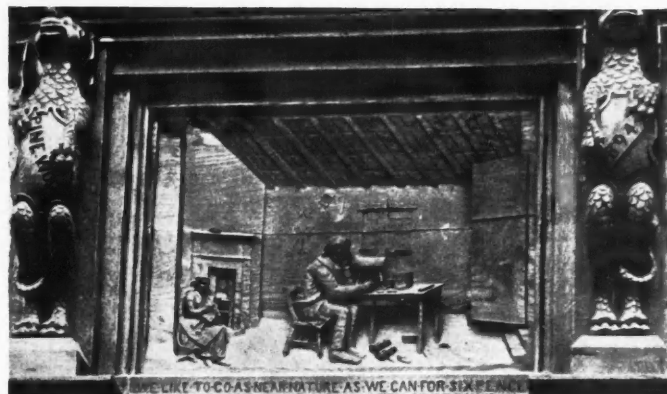
SIR,—Recent correspondence in your columns prompts the Windmill Section of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings to draw attention to its activities, knowledge of which may prove of encouragement to those who share the Society's eagerness to do everything possible to preserve these features of our social history and our countryside.

The Windmill Section has been in existence for nearly sixteen years, and during that time has been able to



CARVED DOOR-HEAD PANELS AT BEVERLEY, YORKSHIRE, PORTRAYING (left) DISRAELI, "THE POLITICAL CHEAP JACK," ELECTIONEERING AND A SCENE FROM *THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH*.

See letter: *Woodcarvings at Beverley* (page 668)



possible that the Burns sideboard and these Beverley panels were fashioned by the same hand?—G. BERNARD WOOD, *Rauston, Leeds*.

CATERPILLARS IN PROCESSION

SIR,—I enclose a photograph taken in Northern Italy, showing a string of nine caterpillars moving across a piece of waste ground, head to tail. From a distance of twenty feet, my friends and I were completely deceived by their snake-like movement and formation, and I have no doubt that to a bird the deception was equally effective. Surely this is yet another example of protective mimicry.

We saw several other strings of the same species in this area, all moving in the same direction, and consisting of between five and eleven individuals. Once or twice we separated a string, and though no apparent attempt was made to join forces again, both portions held their original course, even when temporarily diverted by a large stone.

Time did not permit our waiting to see what their destination was, but presumably they were en route for a suitable area in which to pupate, and adopted this remarkable manoeuvre in order to ensure some degree of safety from birds while on their way.—G. O. CRAWFORD, *Harishorn, Ash, Surrey*.

[The processionary caterpillar is of the "woolly bear" kind, which is

through a glass door, when we saw a weasel coming towards us. It crossed a small lawn and the path not more than two yards in front of us and ran into an old rosemary hedge. A moment later it came out carrying a mouse, passed us again and disappeared round the side of the house.

We had hardly recovered from our surprise when we saw it return without the mouse. Again it entered the hedge and came out with another mouse. It returned three times more to the same hedge, and each time emerged with a mouse. Surely this is a record larder.—M. A. POTTER (Mrs.), *Moor Hall Hotel, Ninfield, Sussex*.

[It is not unusual for weasels to

Gentleman's Magazine of February, 1816, where the engraving appears, the dimensions of the barn are given as length, 303 feet, height, 51 feet, and width, 54 feet.

Within the barn was a lozenge-shaped stone recording that: "In this barn James Landsley thrashed for Mr. Joseph Hopkins 5 quarters, 7½ bushels of wheat, in 13 hours, on March 15, 1747." James Landsley, adds the *Gentleman's Magazine's* informant, died at work in the barn, where he had constantly laboured for upwards of 60 years, in the spring of 1808, at the age of 95.

The barn was demolished in May, 1815, but nothing was found to sub-

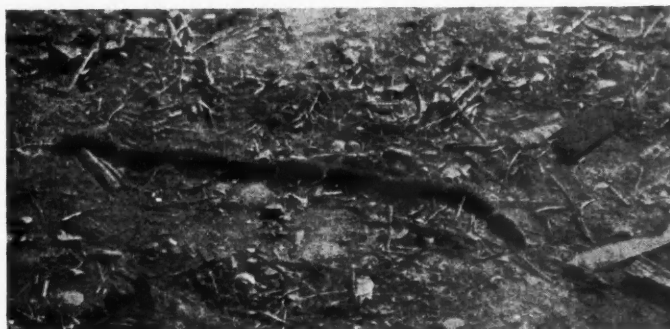
help many working mills by making grants and giving technical advice on questions of repair. The mills of Cranbrook, Kent, Great Chishall and Swaffham Prior, Cambridgeshire, Skidby, Yorkshire, and Syleham, Suffolk, are a few of those helped in recent years.

The Section has also done much towards the preservation as landmarks of mills that have ceased to work. It must, however, be emphasised that our aim is to keep mills working. This unfortunately becomes increasingly difficult with the passing of the years, as there are few to carry on the trade of the miller and, nowadays, few millwrights available to attend to repairs.

The Windmill Section is hampered by lack of funds, being entirely dependent on the support given and interest shown by the public. This opportunity is taken, therefore, to appeal most urgently to all interested readers to help by giving their support.

The minimum subscription of the Windmill Section is 5s. per annum, but donations will be warmly welcomed.

Reference was made in your issue of March 14 to Soham Mill in Cambridgeshire, and it may interest you to know that this Society, together with the Cambridgeshire Preservation Society and a representative of the River Great Ouse Catchment Board, is investigating



A STRING OF CATERPILLARS IN NORTHERN ITALY

See letter: *Caterpillars in Procession*

whether means can be found for safeguarding the mill at a reasonable cost. The Cambridgeshire County Council has been asked not to demolish it pending the completion of these investigations, which it is hoped may produce a practical solution.—M. DANCE, Hon. Secretary, Windmill Section, The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, 55, Great Ormond Street, W.C.1.

A PLAN TO PROTECT BIRDS OF PREY

SIR,—At the invitation of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, who have offered financial aid in the matter, the Association of Bird

presence and preservation of unknown hawks or eagles on their ground or in their neighbourhood, except in those parts of the country where the species concerned is well known to be established. Rewards will vary from five shillings upwards according to the rarity of the species reported.

(4) Rewards would not be given without the consent of the employer of the keeper or other person concerned.

Owing to the expense of carrying out these two schemes funds are urgently needed; these would be used for rewards only; the administration expenses would come out of the ordinary funds.—N. TRACY, M.B.O.U.



Watchers and Wardens has undertaken the protection of the golden eagle in the Highlands. At a committee meeting held in London it was decided to offer a reward of £10 for every golden eagle's eyrie from which the young left safely and were airborne.

The association is also just starting a scheme for the better protection of our rarer raptors, the birds concerned being white-tailed eagle, osprey, kite (outside Wales), honey-buzzard, hobby, marsh-harrier and hen-harrier. The scheme, the main object of which will be to establish or re-establish these seven species in strictly limited numbers, will, it is proposed, work as follows:

(1) Rewards from £3 to £20 to be paid to gamekeepers or others for the rearing to maturity or fledgling state and without further molestation of any of the above seven species on their land or beats.

(2) Compensation in money to be paid for damage done to poultry or game by any of the above seven species, on reasonable proof of the same being obtained.

(3) Money rewards may be offered to gamekeepers for reporting the

(Hon. Secretary, The Association of Bird Watchers and Wardens), Tunstall, Woodbridge, Suffolk.

CROWS AS CEYLON FARMERS' FRIENDS

SIR,—Crows are very often a great nuisance in the towns and villages of Ceylon, being regarded as food thieves and notorious for their cunning impudence. But sometimes they are useful, because, being omnivorous, they feed on all sorts of carrion and garbage and remove from our homes all kinds of rubbish. Moreover, although they often take the cultivator's harvested grain when it is not properly guarded, they are good friends of the farmer, as the following two examples will show.

Once, while on a visit to the countryside, I found these birds following the buffaloes and cattle grazing in the fields, and picking up grasshoppers, paddy-bugs, beetles and other injurious insects disturbed by them in the grass. Not infrequently while the animals lie on the grass after feeding, or when they take to the water, the birds settle down on their backs and feed on the parasites they find there. The birds even perch near



CROWS ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR GRUBS FROM THE TOPS OF TRIPODS OF STICKS USED IN IRRIGATION IN CEYLON, AND (left) ALIGHTING ON THE BACK OF A BUFFALO

See letter: Crows as Ceylon Farmers' Friends

the eyes and ears of the beasts and peck off ticks and mites, which are harmful and which the animals find it difficult to remove.

On another occasion, while strolling along the bund of a paddy-field that was being irrigated with the water of a pool by means of the primitive wooden scoop worked on the lever principle, I noticed a number of crows—which had settled on top of the stick-tripod from which the scoop was suspended—going singly or in small groups to catch the worms, grubs and beetles that appeared on the surface as the water from the mud-soaked pond was raised and transferred to the plot of sown ground.

In these and other ways the crows are helpful to our cultivators, although a good many folk out here regard them, often not without good reason I must admit, as "thieves by opportunity, and scavengers by instinct."—S. V. O. SOMANADER, Batticaloa, Ceylon.

BEFORE THE INDUSTRIAL AGE

SIR,—Being engaged in writing a book on an art subject, I have been going through COUNTRY LIFE from its beginning in 1897 to the present day. I am greatly impressed with the high standard of even the early issues, and have noticed particularly the championing of the objects of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings and of the National Trust. In those times great prominence was given in its pages to photographs of unrestored churches, a feature of pre-industrial

England that has now almost completely gone.

It may be of interest to your readers to see these photographs recently taken at Besselsleigh, Berkshire, of the very interesting church there. Externally there is a timber porch and the walls of the church retain their original texture with traces of lime-wash. The whole is completely unrestored. The interior of the church has an Elizabethan hanging chancel screen of oak and plaster, the nave side being decorated with benefactions, etc. in gold on a powder blue ground, and the chancel side with a shield of arms in a cartouche carried out in distemper.

In the foreground is the front of the west singers' platform, and halfway down on the south side are the two-decker pulpit and sounding-

board, facing which on the north wall is a commemorative hatchment. The nave is fitted with box pews of 18th-century date, and the chancel with somewhat similar pews arranged to face in the opposite direction so that the congregation may view the preacher. The church is lighted with well-placed oil lamps of 19th-century date, and the windows throughout are of ancient crown glass in rectangular panes, through one of which the photograph was taken.

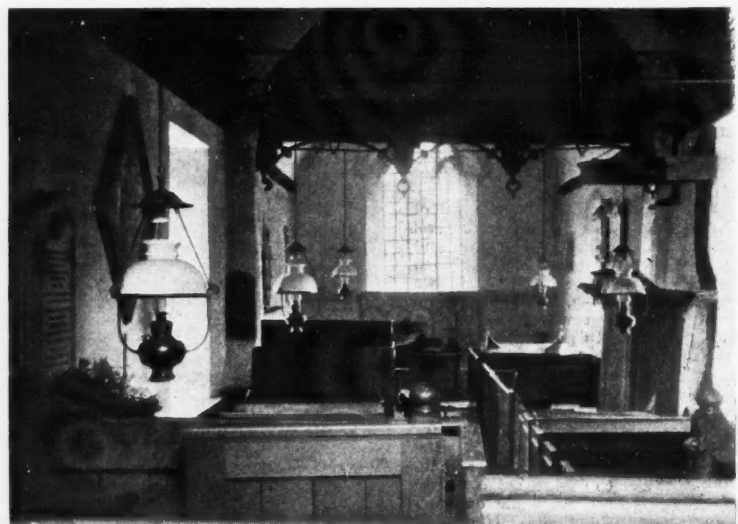
Too many of these old interiors have now gone for ever, and I am under the impression that this is the only church in Berkshire completely without any evidence of the Industrial Age.

—DEREK R. SHERBORN, 6, Leithcote Gardens, Streatham, S.W.16.

AN EARLY SWALLOW IN IRELAND

SIR,—It may be of interest to record that my young daughter and I saw a swallow over this cottage at 6 p.m. on March 28. I was so surprised (hitherto I have never seen one earlier than April 17) that I called to a local labourer and pointed it out to him and he agreed with me that this was the earliest yet.—T. R. H. SMYTH (Major), Sweetbank Cottage, Newcastle, Co. Wicklow, Eire.

[Swallows, like wheatears, sand martins and other of the vanguard of our summer visitors, have arrived earlier than ever this year. One was seen in South Devon on March 14, and another one in Manchester on March 18.—Ed.]



BESSELSLEIGH CHURCH, BERKSHIRE, AND ITS UNRESTORED INTERIOR

See letter: Before the Industrial Age

NEW CARS DESCRIBED

THREE FOREIGN MODELS < By J. EASON GIBSON

WHEN I was abroad recently I had the opportunity of trying three 1947 cars that have not so far been seen in Britain—two from the U.S.A., and one from France. They were of special interest in comparison with the cars we are at present exporting to the Continent.

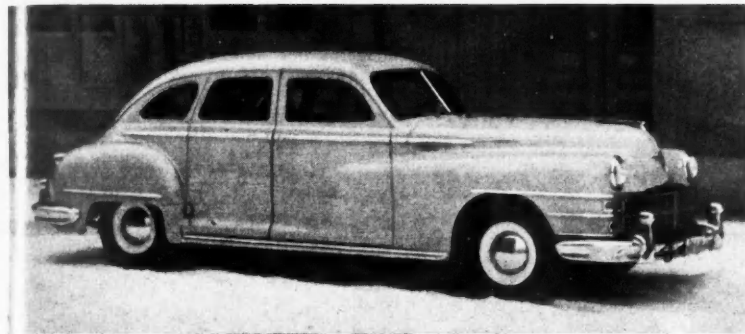
The first I tried was the Chrysler Windsor (Fig. 1), which is fitted with what the manufacturers describe as hydromatic transmission. In this the transmission is hydraulic, and the correct ratio is selected automatically. There is an overriding control fitted to the steering column which permits the driver to select either a high or a low range of

the car as their equivalent of the Rolls-Royce, and, while I would not agree with this rather sweeping view, it is without doubt the best car I have tried from the U.S.A. Not only is it smooth and luxurious, but the accuracy of the steering is an immense improvement on that of the previous Transatlantic cars I have driven.

In the neighbourhood of Biel there is a very minor road of exactly the same gradient as the St. Gotthard Pass, but lacking the corners, and this I climbed on top gear from a rolling start at 10 m.p.h. The conditions were far from favourable, as the road was at least a foot deep in snow, and chains were in use. Having removed the chains, I set out for a fast run along the Solothurn road, which, although not completely free from snow, was clear enough to permit reasonably high speeds. It was not possible to test for maximum speed, but in view of the car's accelerative and cruising abilities I see every reason to accept the maker's claim for an optimum performance of 95 to 100. On the few stretches of road free from snow I found that it settled down at a cruising speed of 78, and on straight roads, at least, it should be capable of outstanding averages. On narrow or twisty roads the mere size makes close concentration essential, and I found that one could not drive relaxed, as one usually can on American cars.

As far as I could judge, the consensus of opinion among Continental experts (and I agree with it) is that the British motor industry would be ill-advised to attempt to copy the large American car in an effort to improve its export figures to the Continent. What seems to be required is a medium-sized car of 14 to 16 h.p., of better finish than those at present being exported, and with modern independent suspension. Those experts I spoke to were almost unanimous that the finish of American models was excellent and the purchase price relatively low, but their running costs were considered excessive; they were difficult to handle on twisty roads, and the expanse of chromium was liked by few. From my own observations I think it is unfortunately true that the finish of the Transatlantic cars is infinitely better than that of most British cars to-day. In pre-war days our cars had an international reputation for solidness and sound construction, but this reputation seems to be in danger, as several garages told me that much of their time was taken up in rectifying rattles and component troubles on the cars they had sold.

It is interesting to compare the import figures for British cars to Switzerland in 1938 and 1946, particularly as Switzerland is one of the few European countries with no car factories of her own. In 1938 the total number of British cars imported was 212, with a value of £51,408; whereas in 1946 the figures had risen to 2,706 and £770,480. This increase has, however, been assisted by the elimination of Germany as a competitor, because in 1938 over 50 per cent. of all cars imported into Switzerland came from one factory alone—the German Mercedes-Benz. Is it reasonable to assume that there might be some connection between this commercial success of one firm and the fact that in 1938 Mercedes-Benz were at the height of their motor-racing supremacy?



1.—THE CHRYSLER WINDSOR, with hydromatic transmission

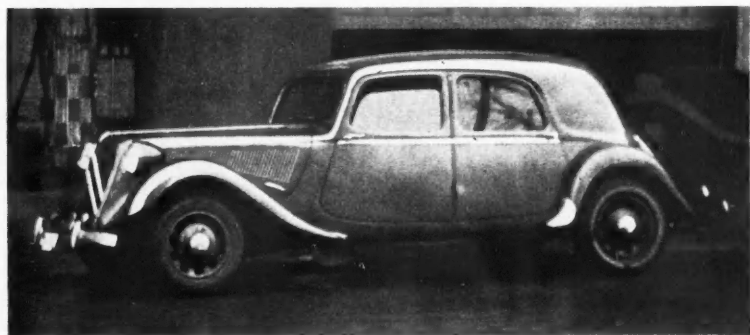
ratios, and once this choice has been made all driving is done on the accelerator alone. I gave a detailed description of one method of hydraulic transmission in COUNTRY LIFE of January 3. All that is necessary to effect an upward change is momentarily to release the accelerator, while to obtain a lower gear the accelerator is fully depressed. I found, however, that, while the action is fully automatic, there is a certain time-lag which, in my opinion, renders this method of gear selection slower than the manual control. A disadvantage of the system is that one cannot engage a lower gear to steady the car on steep descents, or on entering corners on a slippery surface. There is no doubt, however, that this method of transmission, or an improvement of it, will make driving very much easier for the average driver.

The engine of this car develops a maximum of 120 brake-horse-power, with an all-up weight of 32 cwt., which gives a figure of 3.75 h.p. per cwt., while the average for all cars tested during 1946 works out at 2.4 h.p. per cwt. Naturally the general performance is good, but if it is utilised to the full the petrol consumption figure falls below 15 m.p.g. While the ostentatious display of unnecessary chromium would not suit all tastes (and I think that includes Continental purchasers who are buying the car owing to its relatively low price) the finish is good. The lay-out of the dashboard is reminiscent of a fun-fair, and it is quite a problem finding the important instruments amid the general glitter. The price of this model, in Switzerland, is the equivalent of £1,000, which is less than the price asked for British cars with much less passenger capacity, but with much lower running costs. On anything other than main roads the Chrysler appeared to me unwieldy, and it would prove a tiring car to drive on the pass roads, where corner follows corner so rapidly.

The second car I tried proved of great interest, as it was the first new model from the Citroën factory for many years (Fig. 2). The design of the model so well known in Britain has been used as the basis for this new 3-litre model. The original model, incidentally, although designed over ten years ago, is still probably the most advanced car available on the market to-day. The new model gives greater passenger space, and with the new six-cylinder engine the performance has been noticeably improved. As before, front-wheel drive is used, which gives the benefits of weight reduction, greater passenger space for a given wheel-base, and also a completely flat floor with no transmission tunnel.

The distributor who provided the car claimed that its maximum speed was over 90 m.p.h., and, although I did not have the opportunity to carry out timed tests, I would estimate its maximum as 85. Much more important, in any case, is its ability to cruise at a high speed in an effortless and reliable manner. I found that it was possible to keep it running at 65-70 m.p.h. for just as long as road conditions permitted. Even on the ice-bound roads on which I tested it I found its steering and road-holding exceptional. It was possible, in complete safety, to fling it into corners with the certainty that it would go exactly where desired. While not of the same standard of finish as the large American car, it wore a quiet air of efficiency, since there was nothing non-functional about it. This new model sells, again in Switzerland, for £825—very much cheaper than any British car of similar size and power.

The last car I tried was the latest V8 Cadillac (Fig. 3) which is assembled in Switzerland at the General Motors plant in Biel, along with Vauxhalls and Buicks. Although Cadillacs in the U.S.A. have an automatic transmission system, they are not being exported until full service facilities are available. Americans regard



2.—THE 1947 3-LITRE CITROËN



3.—THE CADILLAC, WITH 150-H.P. V8 ENGINE

RAISING A WILD DUCK SHOOT

By J. B. DROUGHT

THE intractability of wild duck in their natural haunts accounts to a great extent for a reluctance to attempt their rearing under semi-artificial conditions. Many people say it is not worth while. They argue that the ubiquitous duck, which in natural circumstances habitually rest on extensive inland waters by day, flying in to their feeding-grounds by night, are an admirable quarry for those who like to wait for them at dawn and dusk, but are unreliable providers of day-time sport.

This theory, however, is long out of date. More than thirty years ago experiments on large estates demonstrated that, while greatly frequenting water, duck are essentially land feeders. It was proved that they can be relied upon to take up residence on ground suited to their requirements with as good a grace as pheasants or partridges in their respective environments.

Of course, I do not suggest that wild duck can be reared on any and every shoot. But waste land on which there is a pond or two—the type of ground which is useless for holding partridges or pheasants—can always be adapted to duck. Natural ponds are easily converted to their requirements. It is not an expensive business, wherever there is running water, to construct artificial shallow ponds, well banked and planted up with reeds and flags. These, becoming overgrown with weeds, will soon form a forcing ground for snails and various aquatic larvae on which ducks thrive. Nothing adds so greatly to the value of a small shoot as a wild-fowl sanctuary of this kind where a few birds can always be relied on when all else fails.

Moreover, ducklings are hardier and more easily reared than pheasants, and their cost of maintenance is infinitely less. At first the intending breeder will probably have to purchase his eggs, but with the establishment of a nucleus of stock he will certainly collect enough in his second season to make him independent of the game farms. Ducklings mature quickly, though they take a long time to attain full flying powers; so the earlier the eggs are procured the better. The first settings should go down towards the end of March, so that the earlier hatchings will take place about the third week in April. As duck eggs are normally of a high standard of fertility a domestic hen will usually hatch out ninety per cent. of the round dozen entrusted to her.

Ducklings are not so susceptible to disease as young pheasants. Cold spring winds, heavy rains (curiously enough), strong sun, the vermin which prey on all game, and otters, pike and eels are the dangers from which they need protection.

The cheapest way to set about the job of providing shelter is to form large covered-in enclosures (with separate, boarded compartments for each foster-mother) of small mesh wire netting. Surround this with sacking as proof against wind and rain, and provide overhead cover of spruce to give protection against sunstroke.

Strange as it may seem, the ducklings should not be allowed into water for a good six weeks; one has to remember that foster-mothers will not be able to restrain their natural inclinations. Until the ducklings are well enough grown to dispense with foster-mothers, shallow troughs of water in the pen are sufficient for their needs. Thereafter it is best to introduce them to the pond by moving the whole pen so that half of it covers the water and half is still land-bound. Once they are feathered, ducklings will take no harm from immersion and gradually will learn to paddle about and earn their own living.

The more cover, such as flags and coarse herbage, that is planted round a pond, the better. It will make good nesting sites for future seasons and provide a well-stocked larder. Moreover, the youngsters, when they begin to try their wings, will always return to their homestead. If several ponds be similarly furnished the birds

will be pretty evenly distributed over the whole area of the shoot when the time for shooting comes.

Duck-meal is the best food for them at first, but here it may be emphasised that the amount of artificial food they need is insignificant compared with pheasants' requirements. Potatomash is always acceptable. When they begin to feather, scraps of raw meat may be mixed with the meal. Once they reach the independent stage of foraging for themselves, one meal a day is sufficient.

The best results are obtained by feeding at the various ponds in the evening. Thus the birds become accustomed to return for their supper, however far they may have strayed during the day. This distribution also assists to develop their flying powers.

It may perhaps be stressed that it is quite unnecessary to start duck-rearing on any extensive scale. Many years ago the writer began by experimenting on two small broads of a tiny



river at the bottom of the garden. The first year fewer than twenty ducklings were hatched and from that source sprang a stock which spread over half a dozen ponds and a surrounding marsh.

The home nesters attracted their wild-bred relations, possibly by holding out the promise of good living and, although we never had a shoot to make a song about, there was always enough scope for a pot-hunt any day one felt inclined.

It seems somewhat paradoxical that hand-reared ducks should thrive best if, in their nursery days, they are denied access to water. But it is none the less true that, in the absence of a natural mother to lead them to the water, disaster may overtake fledglings that are too adventurous. For one thing, ducklings are more highly vulnerable than other birds to sudden climatic changes. Cramp is as likely to be the outcome of inadequate shelter from cold winds and rain as is heatstroke from exposure to a brilliant sun.

From the shallow dishes of water in the rearing pens to the freedom of the ponds is a big step for little birds, and it is advisable that their progress should be gradual. But before June is out the foster-mothers will have fully served their turn; the pens can be removed and the broods amalgamated in flocks—the size of each flock depending primarily on the extent of water at its disposal.

These concentrations are best effected, as I have suggested, under long, low pens of rat-proof netting, so constructed that they can be pushed out over the ponds to the extent of roughly half their length. Thus the youngsters, with freedom to pass from land to water, gradually learn to swim, dive and forage for themselves without incurring any risk of straying too far afield. Moreover, the landward ends of the enclosures can be screened from extremes of temperature by boughs of spruce. If any

duckling be backward, further protection against inclement weather may be afforded by covering the sides right down to the water with sacking or waterproof sheeting.

Overcrowding is to be avoided in the enclosures, for the wider the distribution of the birds the greater the abundance of insect life for each. Although they must be hand-fed for the first few weeks, the sooner they learn to earn their own living the better for their flying powers later on. We feed young pheasants amply on the rearing fields primarily because, under natural conditions, the mother bird scratches for her young and the products of these scratchings are missed when chicks are artificially reared.

Ducklings, however, being surface feeders, find their grub just as well without the mother duck's assistance. If they have range enough there is no occasion to overdo artificial feeding. If they get plenty of aquatic larvae and insect life they will not want much meal, and as soon as they reach the flying stage an evening meal, always at the same hour and at their home station, will be sufficient to keep them in first-rate condition.

Of course, the distribution of the birds hinges on local geography, and the extent of water on a shoot. But when there are several duck-ponds at fairly considerable distances apart another point in favour of distributing the young ducks pretty widely is that small pens can be allotted to each pond, instead of one or two large ones being more or less concentrated in a circumscribed area.

Thus, when the pens are removed, their erstwhile occupants, having become accustomed to sup at these different points, regard them as home. This makes for more sporting shooting in the long run for, just as pheasants, given half a chance, will make a bee-line for their home coverts, so will ducks tend to seek those haunts in which they have been brought up.

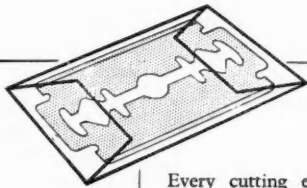
Then the best results, I think, come of driving them to and from the points they know. If more ambitious schemes are planned, the birds may circle two or three times, but eventually off they go and they are lost—for the day at all events. If, however, they are put over guns strategically planted between the ponds, and always provided the latter are not themselves shot into, the birds do not lose their affection for home. Unlike their wild relatives, which depart for the next parish at the opening of a barrage, they will always circle the area of their upbringing. Of course, guns should not be placed so near the ponds as to be tempted to fire before the birds are well up.

Fortnightly intervals, or even longer, are advisable between shoots. If the ducks are disturbed too often they will assuredly forsake the place, probably before a fair percentage has been shot. In this connection a good deal depends on the surrounding country. In some places it may be necessary to shoot earlier than in others for fear of losing the birds, but in any case it is always advisable to shoot with one eye on the breeding stock.

To hammer away consistently at the same old ponds usually results in the desertion of their tenants. If the changes are judiciously rung an adequate quota should remain to nest in the vicinity of each and, incidentally, to obviate the necessity of purchasing eggs for rearing in the following year.

It pays handsomely to study duck welfare in hard weather. If their own feeding-grounds are sealed up, nothing save regular and pretty liberal hand-feeding will restrain them from seeking open marshes far afield. Then it is a shade of odds against their return. Even though one has to break the ice to put down the meal and potato-mash—which I do not think ever fails to keep them on the premises, or, at any rate, to lure them back again—it is time well spent and is the best policy in the long run.

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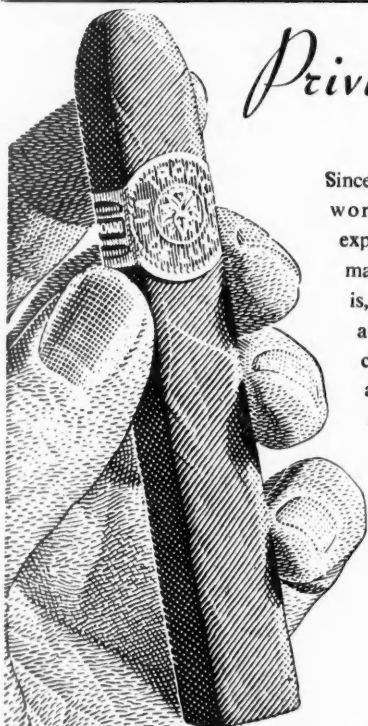
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**"Jog on, jog on, the
footpath way and merrily
henth the stile-a; your merry
heart goes all the way, your
sad tires in a mile-a!"** And
what, indeed, makes the
heart more cheerful or the
step more eager than the
thought that at the end of the
road we shall "find in an

inn a place of rest?" Much
of the pleasure of a country
tramp comes from "a pint
of beer at the next pub". And
in an age when our pleasures
are diminished, let us re-
joice that the freedom of the
road and the friendly wel-
come of the inn remain un-
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NEW BOOKS**STRIFE AMONG THE
EARLY GEORGES**Reviews by **HOWARD SPRING**

THE lives of the first three Georges were coincident with imposing events in English history and with great names in English arms and statecraft. The acquisition of immense territories in West and East, the loss of the American colonies, the bloody shambles of the French Revolution and the phoenix-like rise of Napoleon's imperialism therefrom; Chatham and Pitt, Fox, Burke and Walpole, Clive, Wolfe, Wellington and Nelson: these are the events and these the names that emerge from the profound welter of the times.

To turn from these public accompaniments of the reigns to the domestic conduct of the monarchs is a shock

was too trivial for one of them to try to hurt the other. When George II, for example, set up Handel under his royal patronage, his son ran a counter-show and nearly brought Handel to ruin.

The greatest row of all arose when Frederick Louis's daughter was born. The princess was at Kew when it became apparent that the "happy event" was near, and the prince had her taken at once by coach to St. James's, where the child was born in the absence of the King and Queen, who had wished the princess to be brought to bed at Hampton Court. They were all so deeply distrustful of one another that the Queen, though kind enough in the end to acknowledge

FREDERICK LOUIS, PRINCE OF WALES. By **Averyl Edwards**
(Staples, 10s. 6d.)

THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY. By **Stephen Bonsal**
(Michael Joseph, 15s.)

LOST HAVEN. By **Kylie Tennant**
(Macmillan, 10s. 6d.)

to sensibility. Hardly anywhere else in English history does the throne seem so inconsonant with the magnitude and dignity of national events. This, perhaps, is not inexcusable. The early Hanoverians were imported from a principality to a foreign kingdom at a moment when that kingdom was about to be caught up in a maelstrom of events more violent and decisive than it had known for centuries. Strong native arms took control of those events, and if the kings had little to do but fall back upon domestic animosities, we perhaps should not blame them too hardly. George I and George II were born out of the country whose throne they occupied, and, had not George II's son Frederick Louis died in middle manhood, then the first three Hanoverians would have been foreign born. But, as it chanced, it was Frederick Louis's son who succeeded his grandfather as George III, the first English-born Hanoverian, whose birthday, a witty American said, should be celebrated as the day of American independence.

FATHER AND SON

It is with this man's father Frederick Louis, that Averyl Edwards is concerned in *Frederick Louis, Prince of Wales* (Staples, 10s. 6d.). The story is little more than an account of the bitterness and animosity that bedevilled the relationships of the prince and his father: a strange and almost exact repetition of the circumstances that had existed between George I and his heir. Apparently, the great idea with the early Georges was that, when you succeeded to the throne, you should do to your son as your father had done to you, and that was pretty bad.

And so the book is a pitiful record of an heir who was excluded from all opportunity to prove himself in arms or the toga, who was at constant loggerheads with his father and mother about whom he should marry, how much money he should have to spend, and all the rest of it. No opportunity

that the child was her grand-daughter, admitted to having felt doubts that there had been "some juggle" and that a "charwoman's brat" had been foisted upon the family.

CHARWOMAN ATMOSPHERE

There is, alas, a charwoman atmosphere about all the relationships of this unhappy trio. When we get to the fourth George, in the time when he was Regent, there is in his relations with his daughter and in his general conduct at least something of style, of panache, but here all might have been conducted at Billingsgate. "I hope in God," said the Queen, "I never see him again," and the King, ordering the prince out of St. James's, shouted: "Thank God to-morrow night the puppy will be out of my house." One looks in vain for a word of wit, a hint of style; there is nothing but common brawling, and the memoir-writers who abounded had a high old time amid the low life of the most exalted circles. What a comment, for example, we find on this family's relationships in this small incident. When the prince was dying, it was reported to him that his father had enquired how he did. Hearing this, the prince burst into tears, "asking whether it was possible?" However, when the prince was safely dead and out of the way, the King's reflections were, says our author: "This has been a fatal year to my family, I have lost my eldest son, but I was glad of it." No member of the prince's family followed him to the grave, and "save for the lords holding the pall and attending upon the Duke of Somerset as chief mourner, there was not one English lord and not one bishop present."

The King lived on for a good many years, and at last was succeeded by Frederick Louis's son, George III. And this brings us to the period of Mr. Stephen Bonsal's book, *The Cause of Liberty* (Michael Joseph, 15s.). The theme is the service that French soldiers rendered to Washington in his struggle against George III. It is

a good book. It does what it sets out to do: that is, as well as the military aspect of the matter, it shows us how the French, and especially the French officers, reacted to the colonial population of America, what points of contact were established and what gaps necessarily existed. It could not have been altogether easy, for many of the officers were courtiers from Versailles, and their fitting into a society still in many ways primitive must have created situations demanding all their skill.

LAFAYETTE'S MISSION

Indeed, there is an ironic sidelight playing upon the whole adventure, and this is best—though unintentionally—expressed in one of Mr. Bonsal's phrases which speaks of Lafayette's mission "to induce the colonists' good friend, the King of France, to make another effort." The idea that Louis was the "good friend" of an attempt to shake off kingship would have been revealed in a different light had these been French and not English colonies. The expedition was actuated by a political, not idealistic, motive: it was an attempt not to help America, but to injure England. The rolling by of a few more years, and the rolling down of many heads, would show what Louis's own countrymen thought of him as the "good friend" of liberal aspirations.

Rochambeau, the commander of the French forces, said to a deputation of redskins, who not unnaturally expressed surprise that one king should send troops to aid revolt against another: "Your father, the King of France, protects the natural liberties which God has given to all men alike," a fine sentiment on which history was so soon to make its impartial comment. Indeed, the sly whispers of history can be heard again and again in this book. There is one in a single word—St. Nazaire. It was at St. Nazaire that Rochambeau landed when he returned from America and it was at St. Nazaire, more than a hundred and fifty years later, that the English were to strike a mad and gallant blow for liberty at a moment when France could not, and America as yet would not, do anything to help her.

But all this, as I say, is but side reflection on the history of these three nations whom the logic of events compels more and more to stand together. The actual episode out of which the reflections arise is handled by Mr. Bonsal with great knowledge and presented in a way that is always readable, being founded mainly on a human understanding of the personalities involved.

AUSTRALIAN NOVEL

Australia is producing some good novelists, men and women who are not any longer concerning themselves with the old saga of the Dominion's founding and its hobbledehoy days, but are looking around at the contemporary scene and interpreting it with a native vigour. One of the best of them is Miss Kylie Tennant, whose new novel, *Lost Haven* (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.) takes us to a slovenly little community on the north of the Continent where a damp fecund climate and generations of intermarriage have produced a set of people who are all "either too drunk or too tired" to want to mend their ways.

The thing which the author has best succeeded in doing is giving us a perfect sense of these people as a community. A bit of fishing, a bit of logging, a bit of smuggling, a bit of boat-building, but nothing strenuous,

please, in any direction: that is the life of *Lost Haven*—lost, indeed, and tucked away from any effective control even though the time of the story is the years of the recent war.

The author's ability to make these tired, amoral and rather roguish people understandable and likeable and to paint their background of sea, mountain, forest and lagoon is exercised at a very high level. She does not stint us. There are crowds of "characters," in both senses of that word; and all have clarity and a feeling of being alive and therefore unpredictable. Altogether, Miss Tennant is a novelist whose work deserves the best of all tributes—widespread reading.

PARISIAN PAINTINGS

EDOUARD VUILLARD was one of the most enchanting of modern painters. The chosen recorder of the comfortable and luxurious life of Parisian society from the 1900s down to 1940, he was of all his contemporaries the best able to present the gentle pattern of existence as it proceeded behind the drawn curtains of the Rue de Rivoli or the Place Vintimille. To-day, his painting enjoys a great vogue in Paris: it recalls so much that has vanished.

Of his personal life there is little to tell. No scandals, no highlights marked its even course, and the release of his intimate journals for publication in fifty years' time is not expected to alter our estimate of his character. He remains essentially a painter, whose work for all its charm is tinged with a delicate melancholy. His art was divided into two main trends. In his early manner, he was preoccupied with the problems of pattern and with the relation of form by pure colour. In his later years, he developed a more impressionistic style, examining the possibilities of light and depth.

M. Claude Roger-Mar, whose knowledge of the artistic background is considerable, has rightly in *Vuillard. His Life and Work*. (Translated by E. B. D'Auvergne)—Paul Elek Ltd., 25s.—concentrated on an examination of Vuillard's style and has studied his portraiture, his decorations and his intimate interiors. His analysis is generally felicitous, though at times a more precise documentation would aid the sense. The particular appeal of Vuillard's art might become sharper if the relations between the Symbolists and the painters of their generation had been examined. It is a method of approach which has been developed by M. André Chastel in a short monograph, *Vuillard*, (Floury, Paris, 600 f.), on the artist in which a comparison with the poetry of Mallarmé is convincingly sustained.

DENYS SUTTON.

IN THE COUNTRY

COUNTRY BOUQUET, by Phyllis Nicholson (John Murray, 8s. 6d.), is a chronicle of life in the country throughout the year illustrated with attractive drawings by Mr. S. R. Badmin. It conveys well the pleasures of the unambitious and unspectacular country round, with its emphasis on family life and closeness to the soil, and reveals a standard of values and a quiet philosophy of life all too rare in this over-urbanised age.

Mr. S. P. B. Mais's gifts as a guide to Britain's countryside are well illustrated in *This Unknown Island* (Falcon Press, 8s. 6d.), which was first published by Putnam in 1933 and now reappears in a revised edition adorned with drawings and maps by Mr. Leslie Atkinson. Whether he is recounting a visit to the country of the Brontës, Hardy or Borrow, to the Yorkshire Dales, Cornwall, the Northern Highlands, or elsewhere, he displays no small descriptive power and an arresting sense of mystery.

J. K. A.

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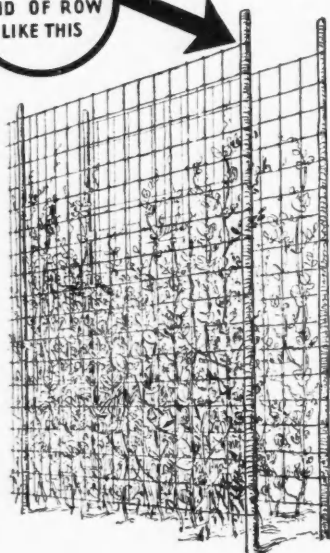
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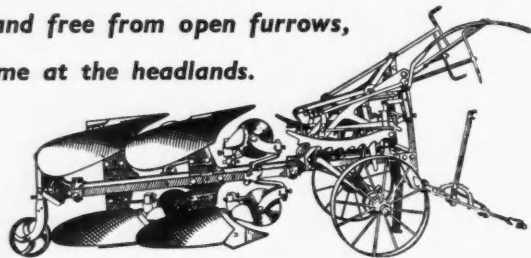
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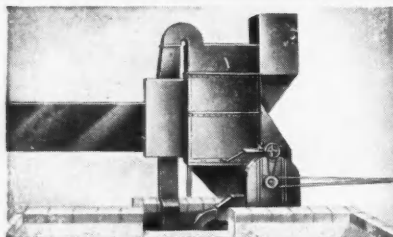
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FARMING NOTES

ADVICE FOR MR. WILLIAMS

IN these days the Minister of Agriculture certainly does not lack good advice. The four national agricultural societies, on the initiative of the R.A.S.E., have brought together a consensus of practical farming opinion on the problems of the day and the measures needed to enable agriculture to carry on fully the task of increased production which the nation expects. Mr. Williams should welcome advice from this quarter, just as his predecessor Mr. Hudson welcomed the recommendations of the R.A.S.E. conference in 1944 on post-war policy developments. The agricultural industry has many constituents, and it is not always easy to get them speaking with one voice, but the effort that the R.A.S.E. has made deserves the thanks not only of the farming community but of the nation at large. The Ministry of Agriculture need not feel affronted by the offer of practical advice. Civil servants are only human and they cannot, enmeshed as they are in day-to-day administration, keep in close touch with the trends of practical thought, and the anxiety and frustration that farmers nowadays have to meet in their efforts to grow more food. It is also a welcome move that the Economic Research Club should be holding a meeting next Monday, April 14, at the Conway Hall in Holborn, when, with Lord De La Warr in the chair, Mr. Robert Boothby, M.P., and the Earl of Portsmouth will urge the need for the maximum home food production as a long-term policy for Britain. Public opinion in these matters is moving ahead of Government action, although it is perhaps a sign of realism at the Ministry of Agriculture that an Agricultural Emergency Advisory Committee drawn from the Central Landowners' Association, the National Farmers' Union and the two workers' unions has been called together to advise on the measures that can be adopted to overtake arrears of farm work and produce the largest possible amount of food in the forthcoming harvest.

Sugar-Beet

IT is to the credit of growers and the beet-sugar factories that a crop totalling 4,500,000 tons from last season's harvest has been handled with so little loss. There was a late start following the protracted corn harvest, and then transport difficulties and the bitter hard spell all contributed to the trouble that had to be overcome. Through-put at the factories was stepped up to the absolute limit with day-and-night working, but with an extra 750,000 tons to handle it was inevitable that the campaign should run into February. *The British Sugar Beet Review* states that the lack of sun had little ill-effect on the crop, and the excessive rain is held to have been largely responsible for the freedom from pests. There was not much virus yellows, as there was little aphid, and while the rain played havoc with the corn crops sugar-beet steadily put on weight during the early autumn. More sugar-beet lifting machines were used last season, and altogether about a hundred crops, each of twenty acres or more, were harvested with mechanical aid. The advantages of mechanical harvesting are hardly realised yet, and until more agricultural contractors enter the sugar-beet harvesting business only the bigger growers will be able to take advantage of the machines, which are costly to buy. Only by developing contracting can the best use be made of the all-too-few machines that are available. It is important, too, that this rather complicated machine should be in the

hands of skilled operators to ensure proper maintenance if the loss of time through breakdowns is to be reduced. A good many agricultural contractors now run combine harvesters. In the sugar-beet growing areas beet lifting could also be developed as a contract service.

Design for To-day

RAISING the school-leaving age, whatever may be the merits of this move, is depriving agriculture as well as urban industries of young labour that can do light jobs economically. Potato planting is a job that the young entry as well as women tackled willingly for pay that was reasonable enough from the farmer's point of view. Those days have passed. Manual labour is scarce and wages are much higher. Agricultural engineers can, and indeed must, help by designing mechanical equipment that will enable each pair of hands to get through more work in the week, especially at the busiest times. One of the machines harnessed to a Fordson Major tractor at last week's Guildford demonstration was the Robot 3-row potato planter. This is lifted in and out of work by the Fordson Major's hydraulic power lift and standard link assembly. The depth of working is readily controlled, and driven from the tractor power take-off. The Robot will, with three operators, plant three-quarters to one acre a day. This is good going, and makes the combination an economical machine for the big grower or the contractor working in a potato-growing district. We need more such designs for to-day's conditions and with an adaptable tractor the agricultural engineer has far wider scope than he had when the farm tractor was no more than a powerful team of horses.

Tool Bars

THE fitting of tool bars on the Fordson Major for operation with the hydraulic power-lift makes possible potato ridging with the tool bar fitted to the rear, and then, by adapting it for use on the front to carry covering bodies, the farmer can split back his potato ridges in a most efficient and economical manner. This is the kind of ingenuity that finds a ready response from farmers in this country, who for too long have taken second place in machinery design to the American and Canadian farmers. Naturally enough manufacturers have studied the demands of their home markets, and in this country farmers have perhaps been too conservative and too modest in making their demands known. They have continued using out-of-date equipment until the recent rises in farm wages shook them. Certainly the crowd gathered at the Guildford demonstration showed the lively interest which farmers, the hundred-acre men as well as the thousand-acre men, are taking in machinery which is within their reach financially and which will enable them to carry out cultivations more economically. An instance in point is the half-track equipment which is the fruit of co-operation between the Ford Motor Company and Roadless Traction, Limited. This makes the Fordson Major the equivalent of the track layer of similar engine power at a cost that must appeal to many farmers. Although rain was falling on the sodden, sandy ground at Guildford, this outfit was merrily drawing a 4-furrow Ransome plough, which is no job for a toy contraption.

CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

BETTERMENT AND WORSEMENT

BETTERMENT has been defined as "any increase in the value of land (including the buildings thereon) arising from Central or Local Government action, whether positive, for example by the execution of public works or improvements, or negative, for example by the imposition of restrictions on other land." Hard as is the task of assessing the probable betterment of any particular property, it is easy compared to dealing with some instances in which the problem is not betterment but what a speaker in the House of Lords has called "worsenment".

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM

In one of the very first instances in which an attempt to adjudicate on a betterment charge was entrusted to a distinguished estate agent and valuer, the matter arose out of the demolition of a small self-contained block of shops. It was easy enough to clear the site and throw it into the widening of the roadway, but it was far from easy to estimate how much, if at all, the shops that had stood on the other side of the comparatively narrow footway were really advantaged by becoming actual main-road frontages. The narrow footway, with its freedom from vehicular traffic, enabled shoppers to linger undisturbed in the study of the window displays. When those windows became main frontage all the disturbance of the sweep of traffic had to be reckoned with. Good trading sites had been cleared, but it was far from certain that those that were thereby changed into main frontages had derived any betterment.

All that was certain seemed to be that some excellent businesses had had to be moved to other premises, probably not so useful or so moderately rented as those that had formed the "self-contained block." It is doubtful if the new frontagers' premises showed any betterment, but there is no doubt that the traders who were ousted from their self-contained block sustained substantial worsenment, compensation money notwithstanding. So great is the difficulty of tracing betterment that it is a question whether betterment levy will ever be worth imposing. It is too hypothetical.

POPULARITY OF SURREY PROPERTIES

A SELECTION just issued by Mr. Frank D. James, the manager of Harrods Estate Offices, of transactions carried out at Brompton Road shows that numerically Surrey had a clear lead last month. The properties, more than 20 of them, group themselves, so far as price is concerned, into three heads, namely approximately £6,500, £8,750 and £16,500. All of them have a useful area of garden, and some extend to as much as 20 acres.

Broadly speaking, the quality and size of the house seem to constitute the chief factor in the variations of market value. Buyers evidently have a keener eye than ever for good design and a superior style of craftsmanship, and they know that to build a similar house, supposing there were no restrictions, would cost much more than the sum represented by the existing house that is ready for occupation.

DEMAND EXCEEDS SUPPLY

NOTWITHSTANDING the number of properties embraced in this periodical list there is plenty of evidence that the supply falls below the actual demand. In some counties the choice is very limited, and prices are high, though on the average slightly lower than those for the

Surrey freeholds, which have the advantage of being within daily reach of Town.

Applicable to all the sales is the consideration that the purchase-money could not be invested in any sound security to afford an equivalent advantage to that of obtaining a good house and ample grounds, and that is what gives the prudent purchase of a freehold much of the character of an investment pure and simple. Once the capital is embarked in buying a house it is immune to changes in the value of money, and, come what may, there is always the certainty of getting a good rental.

The top price in the new list is for a 17th-century house and 16 acres facing the Eton trout lakes, between Godalming and Haslemere. Other freeholds include Ashlyns, 2 acres, at Cobham; and Merrywood, Mogador, Lower Kingswood, 5 acres, close to Walton Heath golf course.

NOTABLE KENT SALE

KENTISH sales include the house and a good many acres, on the Hockley Sole estate, near Folkestone, the joint agents with Harrods Estate Offices being Messrs. Curtis and Henson. The latter firm has, on behalf of Sir Frederick and Lady Keeble, sold Cedron House, Fowey, Cornwall, jointly with Messrs. Bellamy and Partners.

OVERLOOKING THE DEVIL'S PUNCHBOWL

MESSRS. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Harrods Estate Offices announce the sale of Ravenswood, Tilford, Surrey, 21 acres of grounds, overlooking Hindhead Ridge and the Devil's Punchbowl.

An Isle of Wight property, Castle Rock, Cowes, on the sea front between the Royal Yacht Squadron Clubhouse and Victoria Pier, is to be offered by order of Mrs. Rosa Lewis. The house is substantially built, and was, not long ago, enlarged by the addition of a wing, including a spacious ballroom. The agents are Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Marvin and Son.

FUTURE OF CASTLE COMBE

NEARLY every writer who has described Wiltshire alludes to the village of Castle Combe, which lies six miles north-west of Chippenham, as a place of outstanding beauty. It is also a village of some historic interest. Early in the 13th century Walter de Dunstanville, son-in-law of Reginald Earl of Cornwall, erected the castle on the outskirts of the village, and the fortress seems to have had a very brief existence, for it was demolished in the next century, and only its earthworks now attest its original size and strength. From the Dunstanvilles the village passed to the Badlesmeres, and from them in 1322, by marriage, to the Scropes, who held it for 500 years. In 1867 Castle Combe was purchased by Mr. S. C. Lowndes, and the next holder was Sir John Gorst. Roman remains have been excavated in the vicinity of the village. An object of exceptional interest in the parish church is the altar tomb of Walter de Dunstanville, who died in 1270. His effigy displays complete chain armour and a blazoned shield.

The present owner of Castle Combe, Mrs. R. G. Maurice, inherited the property from her grandfather, Sir John Gorst, as Sir Eldon Gorst died before coming into it. A local correspondent says that a proposed auction will be only of the village hereditaments, and that no land will be placed in the market. ARBITER.



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Summer travel coat in daffodil yellow Ulster tweed over a green sweater and a tweed skirt cut on the cross. Coat by J. Spevack; sweater by Anny Lewinter

TWEEDS are appearing in the London shows held in the big stores—tweeds in gorgeous colour mixtures such as we have not seen for years. At the Simpson show one of the big successes was a Stolas suit in a Munrospun checked tweed, a riotous mixture of blue, plum, brown, crimson, the suit cut on classic pleated lines, beautifully tailored. At the International Wool Secretariat we were shown tweeds from Ulster for a series of travel coats, mostly straight and full-backed, with rounded padding on the shoulders. Colours struck one as brilliant after the neutrals of the past few years. A daffodil-yellow tweed in a self-herring-bone weave and a thick one in a bold plaid, all mixed pastels, made two excellent top coats. Tweed suits had the long neat jackets with rounded hiplines and nipped waists that mark them as of this year. They are very trim with their straight skirts and clean-cut lines.

Twin sets and fine woollen sweaters, close-fitting, with plain round necks, and woven in brilliant colours, superseded woollen blouses at this show. They are still difficult to come by in the shops, but have appeared in all the big shows this spring with the tweeds, and better supplies are promised. Simpson feature the long sweater, with slacks, that pulls down over the hips outside, very smart and entirely new-looking; but the shorter one that tucks in is still most to the fore. An exquisite jersey fabric with a suède-like surface, also woven in Ulster, appeared at this exhibition at the Wool Secretariat. Joy Ricardo has made it up as a full-skirted evening dress, with a strapless, boned bodice and narrow vertical lines of chestnut-brown gros-grain sparkling with golden embroidery defining the waist—most attractive. The classic flecked Donegal tweeds made shooting suits with deep, flapped pockets either side in front, cut an inch or so longer than the rest of the jacket. Brushed, hand-woven Donegal is a novelty tweed used for a travel coat, and bouclé tweeds for suits. Woollens displayed round the hall showed the same tendency for brilliant colour mixtures, offset by the popular

(Continued on page 682)

TWEEDS AND THEIR ACCESSORIES



Scarlet grained calf bag for a girl. Revelation

(Right) Town bag in calf that opens out flat. Asprey



(Below) Pigskin bag on a metal frame for travelling. Revelation



Left to right: Soft brown calf laced shoe with low heel and white saddle-stitching; brown calf with punching; a Norwegian slipper in grained calf. Lotus



(Left) Brown suède Bally shoe with open back and platform sole, and hand-made French shoe in suède with insets of leather. Dolcis

Peter French

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Herring-bone Tweed in combinations of grey-green, wine-navy, or grey-brown; patch pockets and belted back, and a collar that looks equally smart worn up or down. 18 coupons. £19 5/-

blanched almond, camel or greige which have largely replaced grey for this summer.

A trio of jersey dresses was featured in the fashionable greige colour at Simpson's. One, in a fine-weight, had a full gathered skirt, a plain shirt-waist top, a bloused back and a fly-fastening down the front; a pencil-slim afternoon jersey was draped across to one side; the third was a jumper suit with narrow pin-tucked bands for an edging to the fronts and collar, and a narrow pin-tucked band at the hem. Herring-bone tweed suits in tones of brown were teamed with round-necked sweaters or with blouses hand-blocked in large dramatic floral designs in mixed neutrals touched with yellow, and very well they looked.

SPORTS clothes included a golfing outfit with a pleated skirt in grey tweed. The long jacket that went with it moulded the hips and was hand-knit in a honeycomb stitch, with a webbing that held it taut to the waist and a top like a cardigan. Slacks, wonderfully cut over the hipline, were shown in worsted and corduroy. Two tennis outfits were included—the classic shorts and shirts in white cotton piqué, and a tennis dress with padded epaulettes and a knee-length gored skirt in white shark-skin. For summer, Simpson show an excellent tailored white linen frock with knapsack pockets springing from the neat, tight waistline. For a girl, there is a blue and white rayon in narrow stripes, with a square-cut neckline and a full gathered skirt. For the beach—some enchanting two-pieces with caped brassière tops and flared knee-length shorts or full bloomers in pure white silk printed with ballerinas in candy pinks and sky blues. Swim suits are in satin and gauged with elastic yarn; so they fit any figure.

Given any decent weather, our beaches will see such a display of fashions this year as never before. The many beach dresses and sun-suits are all charming, made in inch-striped cottons, in dazzling white piqué, in printed crêpes, in cloque cottons printed with large sprawling



Twinset with fancy white striped yoke and pocket from Gorrings

flowers in Marcella, in fine striped and duster-checked cottons. Some have full gathered skirts, bare midriffs and cape-sleeved tops; other dresses are slim and cut with a low back for sunbathing and narrow shoulder straps. Over them goes a bolero; so the dresses can be worn out to luncheon. A number of the knee-length beach dresses button down the front and are worn over short, full bloomers and brassières in cotton that has been proofed for the water, or can be used only for sunbathing. Mid-all slacks are another fashion that is extremely popular. The smartest are printed and worn with a plain sweater, or in navy linen and teamed with a short-sleeved sail-red shirt.

Hip-length tweed jackets are a spring fashion note. They are brightly coloured this year—scarlet, emerald, canary yellow—tailored in soft-textured tweeds, with a self-herring-bone or basket design in the weave. The smartest fasten with two rows of buttons down the front and often have a detachable hood. Shoulders are rounded, some with raglan sleeves, others with a small amount of padding curved gently. These jackets are shown with slacks, with pleated tweed skirts and are intended to be worn as well over summer frocks and dance frocks and on most holiday occasions. They are charming and the straight line is good on a young girl, also on somebody who requires a little help with the figure. Some of the larger fittings are slit at the bottom both sides, like a man's jacket.

The shoes designed to be worn with tweeds are mostly in tan calf, or in tones of red. Wedges and leather heels are about evens as regards popularity. The low-heeled lace shoe is generally saddle-stitched in white. Wedge shoes are plain in design, generally in one colour. The Norwegian type of low-heeled slipper is shown with the jackets, slacks, and shirt combinations, mostly in tan grained calf. Lotus have designed shoes and sandals in linen and cotton to match summer dresses. A low-wedged sandal buckles at the side and has striped criss-cross straps in scarlet and white, the wedge also covered in the striped material.

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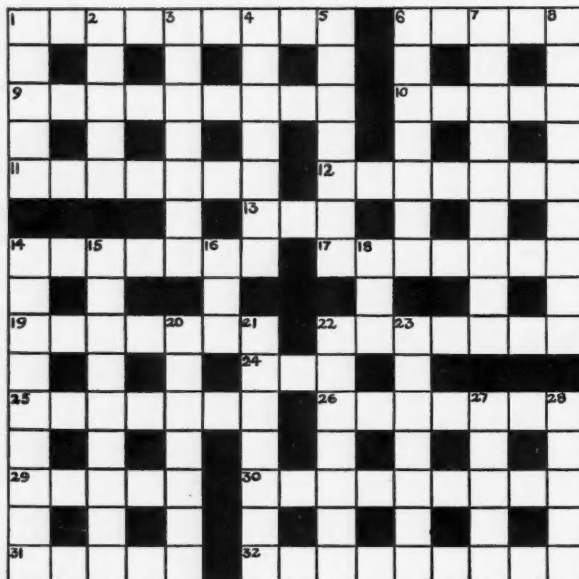
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CROSSWORD No. 896

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 896, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, April 17, 1947.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name
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SOLUTION TO No. 895. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of April 4, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Buttermere; 6, Apes; 9, Chatsworth; 10, Fair; 12, Peahen; 13, Salop; 16, Lateran; 18, Swedish; 19, Crumble; 21, Compeer; 22, Bugle; 23, Charms; 27, Rain; 28, Mackintosh; 29, Sage; 30, Headstrong.
DOWN.—1, Back; 2, Trap; 3, Ensur; 4, Moorhen; 5, Ratings; 7, Pearl-diver; 8, Shropshire; 11, Esteem; 14, Blackbirds; 15, Struggling; 17, Rubber; 20, Enclave; 21, Cracked; 24, Manet; 25, Solo; 26, Shag.

ACROSS.

1. Blooming missiles (9)
6. Blessed unit of electricity! Stick it on! (5)
9. Should its captain be a chauffeur? (9)
10. No stay-at-home, he (5)
11. So great might be the change in warehouse space (7)
12. One against 53 (7)
13. What the wife was originally (3)
14. In extremities they may be aids to warmth (7)
17. Queen of puddings in the East? (7)
19. Hangers-on (7)
22. Where it is disturbing to have been and got wet (7)
24. "With that I saw—swans of goodly hue Came softly swimming down along the lee." —Spenser (3)
25. This constitutes the whole number (7)
26. Before returning the tub take the sack (7)
29. Days when the fire is low? (5)
30. Just the setting for the Dean and Chapter (9)
31. Effect of eating too much raspberry jam? (5)
32. Activity in a French coach-house (9)

DOWN

1. Aegean isle (5)
2. Umpire's order to the batsman who questioned his decision? (5)
3. But there was no ban on its fury during an air raid (7)
4. One loss (anag.) (7)
5. Seat, sir? (anag.) (7)
6. Dry up (7)
7. The deuce, it will be next! (9)
8. A Nile crop (anag.) (9)
14. Ill miners turn to a new occupation (9)
15. To put the clock on? (9)
16. Catch price? (3)
18. "Were it not better done, as others—, To sport with Amaryllis in the shade," —Milton (3)
20. The way to arrange a gay reel (7)
21. Like the tiger (7)
22. The Doctor's faithful recorder (7)
23. Needlework the yachtswoman should be proficient in (7)
27. Some readers would prefer Lamb: it is a matter of 28 (5)
28. See 27 (5)

The winner of Crossword No. 894 is

Mrs. D. G. Hett,
Sundial House, Hurworth,
near Darlington,
Co. Durham

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